

IMPROVEMENT ERA



Vol. 30

No. 7

MAY, 1927

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCI-
ATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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LONELY ONES

Sing o'er and o'er a song of the mothers,
With faltering steps for their guiding;
But chant now a dirge for the lonely ones,
With never a babe for their priding.

Oft arms that must ever be empty
Would fain be aweary from holding
The bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh,
With spark of divine love, enfolding.

Oh! pity the ones who are childless,
With heart from the mother love wringing,
Who never may nestle a babe's sunny head,
Nor tiny hands tenderly clinging.

Aye, sing o'er and o'er the song of great joy
Of those blessed by gladness of mothering,
But do not forget the child-craving souls,
Whose love is with loneliness smothering.

GRACE INGLES FROST.



A MOTHER AND HER FAMILY OF NINE

Christ expressed a true mother's thought: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And the Psalmist, a true father's sentiment: "Children are an heritage of the Lord. * * * Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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MOTHER'S DAY

BY L. L. ALLEN

In the history of the world we find various nations setting aside special days, in memory of events of importance in their particular country. This was usually the anniversary of some great battle; securing some form of freedom; a great discovery, or the birth of some man who accomplished much for his country, but it remained for this Land of Freedom to set aside one day in the year on which to do honor to those most worthy of honor—our mothers.

"There are three words that sweetly blend,
That on the heart are graven;
A precious, soothing balm they lend,
They're mother, home and heaven."

The Congress of the United States passed a joint resolution, approved May 8, 1914, "designating the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day, and for other purposes." In this resolution, the President is authorized and requested to issue a proclamation, calling upon the officials to display the United States flag on all government buildings, and the people of the United States to display the flag at their homes or other suitable places on the second Sunday in May, as a public expression of love and reverence for the mothers of our country. In compliance with this request, President Woodrow Wilson issued a proclamation to this effect on the 9th of May, 1914.

This action of Congress resulted from the request of Miss Annie Jarvis, a native of West Virginia. Her great love for her own mother caused her to devote herself to the work of having Congress set apart a day to be known and observed as Mother's Day. The resolution was passed by the House on May 7, 1914, being introduced by Senator J. Thomas Heflin, who was then a member of the House;

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and when it reached the Senate, Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas took charge of it, and secured its passage by the Senate.

Through all our history the women of the country have faithfully responded to the nation for the services of their children. Wherever there was work to do that needed their skill, sympathy and courage they have been found. But it is in the home that the influence has been most powerful. There the weal or woe of the future life is found, and the standard of the political world is also founded. George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, and James A. Garfield are notable examples of great men whose fathers died early, leaving them to the sole care of their mothers. Abraham Lincoln was only nine years old when his mother died, but he received the lasting impression of her power for good in the depths of his being. He was often heard to say, "All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to my sainted mother." Frances E. Willard said, "I thank God for my mother, as for no other gift of his bestowing."

Many an eminent man in the zenith of his fame is regarded as the product of some party or system, but when the label grows dim and disappears, there stands out in the life the graven name, "Mother," perhaps all unknown to the crowds who applaud her son. Thanks to the mothers who have given life and being to sons and daughters; mothers who have heeded and are willing to obey God's great command, to be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth. Well might all of us exclaim with Tom Dillon:

"For the body you gave me, the bone and the sinew, the heart and the brain that are yours, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the light in my eyes, blood in my veins, for my speech, for my life, for my being. * * * For all the love that you gave me, unmeasured from the beginning, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the hand that led me, the voice that directed me, the breast that nestled me, the arm that shielded me, the lap that rested me. * * * For your smile in the morning and your kiss at night, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the tears you shed over me, the songs that you sang to me, the prayers that you said for me, for your vigils and ministrings. * * * For the faith you had in me, the hope you had for me, for your trust and your pride, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for your praise and your chiding, for the justice you bred into me, and the honor you made mine."

"Mothers, how divine your mission here upon our natal sod;
Keep, oh, keep the young heart open always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages are from mother-love impeared,
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

It is often the case that children do not appreciate their mothers during their early years, largely, because they do not stop in their busy lives to consider all the work, worry and sacrifices she has made for them. One of the splendid features of Mother's

Day is not only to honor the mothers and bring joy to their careworn hearts, but also to call the attention of the children to the debt they owe to those who cared for them as helpless babes, who nursed them through their childhood days and by their good example taught them the right way of living. How often the children forget the long nights their mothers have sat by the flickering lights to attend to their every want while they tossed about on their pillows with a racking fever. How often do mothers sacrifice to keep the children warm, to make them look fit for good society, to supply their needs and keep them in school. The children seldom know, or knowing fail to think it over.

We often hear people who now have families of their own say, "I never half appreciated the work of my mother, until I had to assume her cares and responsibilities." It is unfortunate that we do not appreciate our mothers while they are still with us, and let them know that we are thankful to them for every kindness to us. To feel thankful only when they are gone from this world, when we cannot express our feelings to them in words, is poor compensation.

It has been well said, "A boy's best friend is his mother." Boys, never forget that. A daughter should be her mother's closest companion.

Let it not be only on Mother's Day or special days that we express to her our good wishes, but on all days show by our every act that we respect, love and honor her in every way.

The poet has well said:

"Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been;
Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray
As long as God giveth her breath;
With acts of kindness, then cheer her lone way,
E'er to the dark valley of death."

Twin Falls, Idaho

A Song of Mother

The story of mother's love ne'er can be told,
Though featured in diamonds and set in pure gold,
Pen artists in words have failed to portray
The many kind acts she performs every day.

Be kind to your mother, so tender and true.
Paint the skies of life's autumn the truest of blue.
Be thoughtful and gentle, for her have a care,
Smoothing the silver threads throughout her hair.

With heartfelt devotion no murmur we hear.
She would sacrifice all for loved ones held dear,
With a smile on her face her own life she would give;
She'd suffer and die that her loved ones might live.

Lakeside, Arizona

FRANK WESTBROOK

THE PIONEER MOTHER

BY C. N. LUND

One of the holiest memories of a lifetime is that of a pioneer mother who lived and loved, who labored and died in the far-away days when all the great West was in its swaddling clothes. Considering the times, the conditions and the circumstances, she played her part wonderfully well, and with fine courage and sublime faith did she perform the arduous duties that devolved upon her. She loved the life of her time, poor and homely though it seemed, and all the heartbeats of her existence were for home and husband and children. For these she gave the full measure of her womanly strength and devotion, and for them she bore without a murmur all the burdens that were laid upon her. Very early did she finish her mission, going down in the grim struggle for existence even as a beautiful and fragile flower of the field goes down before a strong wind.

This pioneer mother came from one of the old countries overseas, where all was familiar and friendly, and where life was ripe with a thousand years of civilization, to settle and live in the mountain-walled valleys of Utah, where all was strange and new and where the desolation of the ages awaited the life-giving touch of men and women who were willing to apply the magic wand of incessant toil. Arriving at the capital city, she walked from there behind an ox team most all the way of a hundred-mile journey in order to get to the little community where her humble lot was to be cast. Her first home in Utah was a dugout in a little hillside, with three walls of earth and a front and a roof of very rough lumber. Her next home, where she brought forth her first-born, was a one-room house with a thatched roof which served as ceiling; one door opened to the great outside and one small window pane let in the light of day. Therein, with a joy that is stranger to the habitues of the palace, she lovingly bent over her cooing babe in its cradle, and there in the silences of the lonely days she crooned her lullabies and was the while as happy as any queen who lolls in the velvet of her downy couch. When to this one room was added two more rooms, the home, to her, became a palace and its walls seemed like they had been done in alabaster. Other children were born there, and it was there that the good woman sank beneath life's burden and went to her last, long sleep. If there is not immortality for the soul of her, then is the God of heaven unjust and unfair. But there is immortal life, and God is fair and just.

Compared with what life affords today, the pioneer mother had practically nothing. She was denied almost everything which we of today think makes life worth living. The furniture and furnishings of the home were of the simplest and crudest kind, home-made, and by no means pleasant to look upon. She never had a sewing machine,

a sweeper, a washer, an electric iron, nor any of the labor-saving devices of our own time. The candle and the coal-oil lamp gave her light, and to the muddy creek across the street she went for water. She never saw any pavements, electric light or power, water works, telephone, piano, phonograph, motion picture, automobile, radio or aeroplane. At first there wasn't a single newspaper and there never were any magazines. About the only book she saw was the old family bible. She knew nothing of art or literature. She never heard any music or singing save her own little snatches of song and Sunday singing in the community church. Always it was toil, toil, toil! It was sacrifice; it was skimping and saving, and watching, and worrying, sometimes weeping, throughout all the sombre days; and often at night it was the caring for and keeping vigil over the sick and the suffering. But in spite of all this her life was rich in very deed,—rich in the things that are really worthwhile,—rich in virtue, love, faith, service, kindness, patience, forbearance and long suffering. She placed more stress on the character than on the changing fashions; she set her heart more on loving service than on worldly pleasure, and more on real religion than on the fickle standards of vain society.

Could a truthful picture be painted of what the pioneer mother endured; how she was broken by toil; how she sacrificed; how many of her cherished dreams fell away; how she buried in the desert dust many of her brightest hopes and highest aspirations, it would be one of the most pretentious and inspiring in all the annals of art. Her life was such that it should inspire to emulation. She was God-fearing, she was brave; she was patient, loving and tender; she was true in every particular to the great trusts laid upon her. She was like unto a choice and sweet-blooming flower planted in the wilderness, unseen and unnoticed by the world, but her sweetness was by no means wasted on the desert air; she diffused it all about her and verily it refreshed and refined wherever it touched. To many of us, even today, it is a healing balm wafted on the wings of memory. God rest and bless the soul of the pioneer mother, and keep her safe forever in the fathomless folds of his holy love!

Mother's Day

Stand at salute! 'Tis Mother's Day!

Give honor where it's due.

If but in memory, hold the hand

Of one so good and true.

Her loving care in childhood days,

The morning of each life,

A kindly light in every storm,

An angel and a wife.

Layton, R. D.

A guide-post of eternal love,

A rose 'mongst earthly flowers,

Transplanted from a heavenly land

To grace this world of ours.

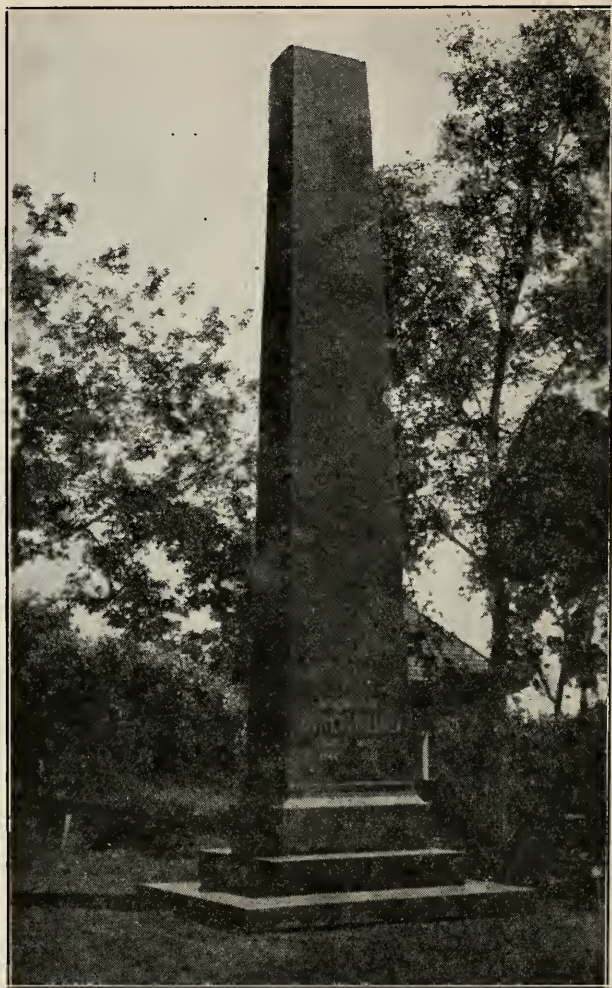
Hold to her hand the world's best,

Thus cherished 'twill repay

One Jewel with a heart of gold.

Hats off! 'Tis Mother's Day!

BEN T. SINCLAIRE



THE LUND MEMORIAL

May 1844—March 1921

A shaft of black marble, erected to the memory of the late President Anthon H. Lund in the family plot, in the Salt Lake City cemetery. The Danish, Norwegian and Swedish people of the Church contributed for this monument approximately \$6,000.

THE CITIES OF THE DEAD

BY ELIZABETH CANNON PORTER

"It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country,
The Beyond.
For it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am
So fond.

"And so for me there is no sting of Death,
It is but crossing, with abated breath,
A little strip of sea;
To find one's loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious, than before."

Memorial Day, May 30, which we devote to honoring the dead, was first started by a southern woman who generously decorated the graves of the Union soldiers as well as the Confederate resting places.

In the great modern cemeteries all forms of mortuary may be obtained, to suit different nationalities and sects. Usually they take the form of a fine park, interspersed with statuary. The markers, bearing the inscriptions, lie flat in the grass so they do not mar the effect of rolling lawn. Different sections are designated by such cognomens as "Slumberland," "Resthaven," "Victory," "Vale of Memory," "Borderland," "Graceland," "Sunrise Slope." "Babyland" is the last resting place of little children and is in the form of an immense mother heart.

Baby forms of American sculptors, such as Edna Parsons and Jean Ingalls, are very popular. More pretentious figures are: "Mother Love," by Fanfani; "Merope," or the lost Pleiade, by the great American sculptor, Randolph Rogers; Thorvaldsen's "Christ;" and Michael Angelo's "Moses."

Most of the new cemeteries have a small church or chapel near the entrance gate for the conducting of simple funeral ceremonies, a "Church of the Angels," or a "Little Church of the Flowers." This, which is flower-clad, may seat a hundred people. The somberness of the edifice is mitigated by the holding also of marriage and christening services therein.

The marble mausoleums, often of Italian architecture, are made as permanent as man's ingenuity can devise. Here there are family crypts, as well as single tombs. Alcoves and niches provide space for the placing of wreaths. Besides the walled-in apertures there are those more costly ones which may be pulled out like a drawer. Over these caskets are heavy plate glass so the mourners may look at the persons of their beloved. This is copied after the Sicilian form of burial. The most notable example of this in recent times is the casket of

the tenor Caruso. In a little cemetery above his beloved Naples, in Italy, visitors may look directly at the face of the former Metropolitan idol, through a sheet of plate glass. The figure is dressed in evening clothes and so expert is the embalming that he seems as handsome as he did in life. This is perhaps as the great interpreter of human emotion in song would want it.

Cremation is coming into more general use. The casket is wheeled out in all its funeral trappings. It is given over to the scientifically devised intense heat with the result that only the mineral substance of the body, the bones, are left; these are spread on a marble slab. A heavy roller is run over these, which literally leaves only a handful of ashes of the deceased. These are often left temporarily at the cemetery until the final disposal of them by relatives. If placed there permanently, they are put into graceful vases and set in a niche in a hall called the "Columbarium." If taken away, the ashes are usually enclosed in a metal box. Again they may be sealed in metal cylinders and sent by parcel post to relatives abroad.

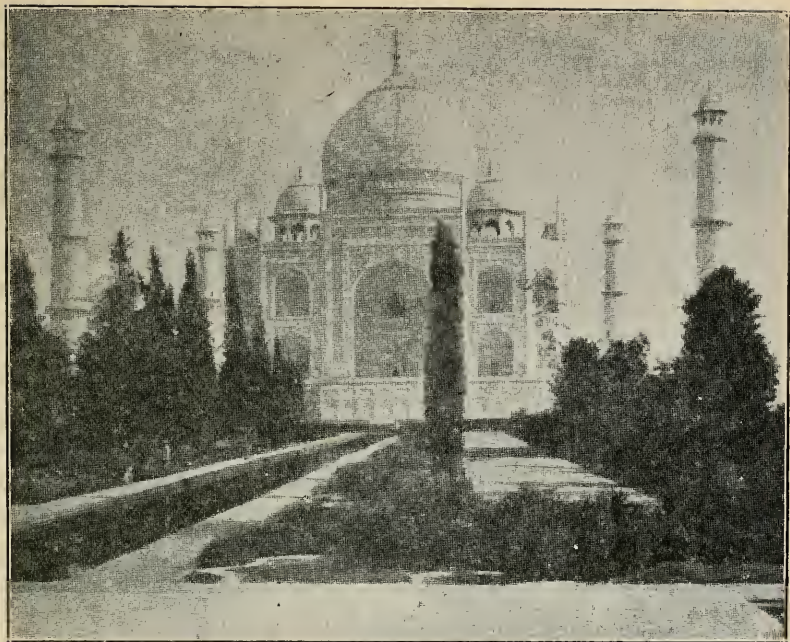
A man may provide in his will that his ashes be sprinkled in his garden or spread over his favorite rose bushes. He may direct that they be carried to a mountain peak. The most ultra-modern form is to have them scattered from an aeroplane. A picturesque scene was enacted when fellow aviators, in black-draped planes, carried the ashes of their former mates over the ocean and dropped them into the sea.

It is said that the heads of an old Knickerbocker family, among the first to practice cremation in America, had their ashes placed in huge urns to grace each side of the fireplace in their mansion up the Hudson.

Cremation is practiced in India. The corpse is placed on a funeral pyre, and the closest male relative, after circling round it, applies the torch to the vicinity of the head. It used to be good form for the widow to throw herself alive on to her dead husband's flaming bier. The British, however, decreed that the wife could better express her devotion to her spouse by living, rather than dying, for him.

In the city of Bombay, India, are the Parsees. These are followers of Zoroastor and exiles from Persia. They are rich, men of integrity, and noted for their benevolence of character, but they have, to us, a horrible way of disposing of their dead. They believe that not fire, water nor earth should be contaminated by a corpse, so they suspend dead bodies in their "Towers of Silence," about 25 feet in the air. Hovering vultures strip the bones of all flesh. After being thus exposed for about ten days, the remains are lowered into a pit.

The most beautiful tomb in the world, the Taj Mahal, is at Agra, India. It was erected by Shah Jehan to his favorite Queen and it cost him his throne. The Empress followed him to the battlefield where her thirteenth child was born. As she lay dying he told



TAJ MAHAL

Tomb that the East Indian Emperor erected to his wife. It cost so much that he lost his throne as a result. The little Empress had followed him to the battle field. Her thirteenth child was born here and the mother died.

her that he would erect a monument to their love. The white marble mausoleum is mirrored in blue lagoons. Her sarcophagus rests in the middle of the rotunda, and by its side, his reposes. The cupolas of white marble are like soap bubbles. There is lacework wrought in stone. The Emperor ordered the marble flowers, lilies for her purity, the passion flower for their love, and the Egyptian lotus for peace in death. Twenty thousand artisans worked seventeen years on the edifice and the taxes became so intolerable that a revolution ensued.

The tombs of the Pharaohs are wonderful. The Egyptians were the master embalmers as well as the original concrete mixers. On reading of the magnificent putting away of that little-known Tutankh-amen, who has so constantly occupied the front pages of the newspapers three thousand years after his demise, one is struck by the thought that some one must have loved the young monarch very dearly. Perhaps it was the mother whose gray hair was found in one of the first urns.

A story, interesting if true, comes from Palestine that a kingly contemporary of King Solomon possessed the secret of a fluid which would preserve a body just as it was laid away. Thus could a woman,

in death, attain eternal beauty, safe from the ravages of decay. Sixteen of these stone sepulchres were stolen by vandals, who, fearing detection, drained off the liquid, whereat the bodies crumbled into nothingness.

The human form of the Savior was conducted to a cave. The early Christians, persecuted and hunted down in Rome, held their meetings secretly in the Catacombs, the underground burial passages. It was here subsequently that Mark Twain woke up and exclaimed, on seeing himself surrounded by human bones: "Ho, 'tis the day of judgment and I'm the first one awake! America ahead again."

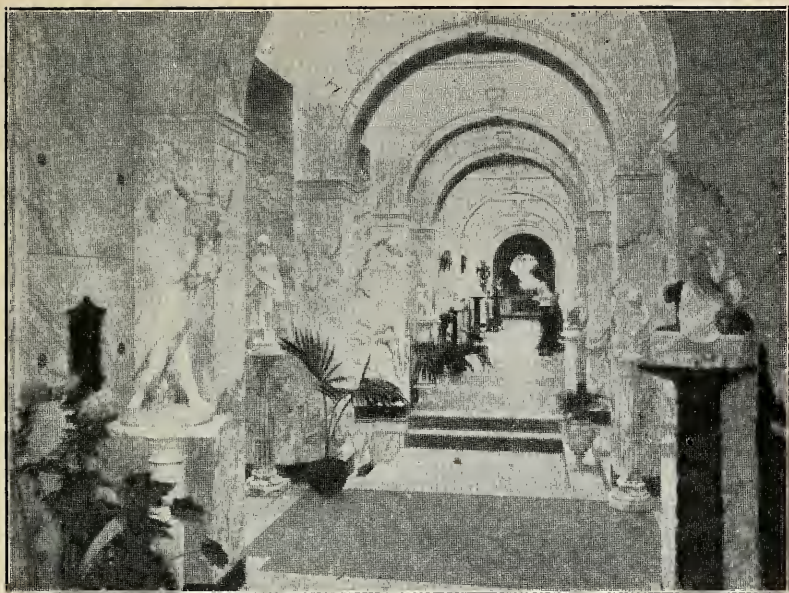
Napoleon's tomb in the Hotel des Invalides, Paris, is the most visited spot in France. The casket of the little Emperor rests in a sarcophagus of red porphyry in a sunken space directly under the dome. Beautifully carved figures of women surround it. It is said that enough chips of red porphyry "from the tomb of Napoleon" have been sold to gullible tourists to have exhausted several quarries.

At Vera Cruz, human bodies are interred in walls, perhaps because of the dampness. For the same reason graves in New Orleans are literally "whited sepulchres" above ground. Some of the holiest and most illustrious dead are laid away under the stone floors of the churches of Mexico City. Here little black funeral cars are run on the electric railways. In some sections of some of the cemeteries of Mexico space is leased, not sold. If the lease is not renewed when the time expires, the bones are disinterred, thrown into a pile, and the ground leased again to another tenant.

In the old cemeteries in the United States it was customary for the wealthier people to have a "vault," a brick or stone structure with an iron grating gate. Here the caskets of the deceased members of the family were laid, without being interred. One of the most beautiful examples of such a structure is the white marble one of the Stanford family at Palo Alto, California. It is located on the grounds of Stanford University. In it are the sarcophagi of the three members of the family: Mrs. Stanford in the middle, on one side of her, the Senator, on the other, her son—the boy who lost his life from fever in Italy.

The setting of stories have been laid in sepulchres. Notably is the double suicide scene of Romeo and Juliet. If Juliet had possessed the "get-up" of a modern flapper she would have packed her grip and gone to her banished lover. Thus the whole beautiful tragedy would have been averted. Shakespeare's immortal story of frustrated young love would never have been written.

Gray's *Elegy*, the most famous poem in the English language was inspired by and written in a country churchyard, Stoke Pogis, in Buckinghamshire. A more modern version is the experience of a girls' sorority which was holding its initiation exercises in a graveyard. A young man, trying to scare them, dressed himself in a sheet. Were they frightened by the ghost? They were not. The girls denuded him of his white wrappings, beat him, and tied him to a tombstone.



Scenes and statuary from the ultra-modern Forest Lawn cemetery of Los Angeles. Owing to the wealth of floriculture, death is robbed of some of its gruesomeness. Sarcophagi here cost from \$600, up. Flowers are placed in the niches of the mausoleum by the mourners.

A queer example of Nemesis comes from France. A young girl who had been betrayed died without revealing the name of her traducer. The young man who had avoided her obsequies felt drawn to visit the new grave at night. Imagining he heard a noise, he turned to flee, but he felt something reach out and clutch him. To his guilty conscience it seemed that the girl's slim hand had reached out from the grave to hold him. They found him jabbering and quite mad on the outskirts of the cemetery the next morning. His trouser leg had caught in a gardener's trowel!

The memory of those who have passed is kept alive by memorial buildings and monuments, stained glass windows, histories, book dedications, or by the simple tribute of flowers, but the dead live most in their descendants, the flesh and blood sons and daughters who carry on the line. What are wreathes of immortelles compared with children?

The greatest monument that I know of is erected to a little woman who died a while ago in Salt Lake City. She had been the mother of fourteen children, also the foster mother of several orphaned brothers and sisters. At the time of her death she was over ninety, still capable and avid with life, and her lineal descendants at that time numbered 262 people!

RADIO KDS

BY J. A. WASHBURN

I was neither a scientist nor a person of strong religious convictions. Both of these facts will be apparent to the reader and are mentioned at the outset only as a background for the experiences which are here narrated. Please understand that I have no pet theory about the existence of spirits to camouflage as fiction, and you are warned to accept the following events only for what they are worth to you.

I was extremely humiliated at times because of my stupidity and lack of ability to understand and interpret phenomena about me. What to others is simple and readily explained, was mostly beyond my ken. The massive locomotive that shakes my fir tree as it thunders past, the dazzling light flooding my room at the touch of a button, the electric motor propelled by the distant cataract, the airship sailing the upper deep, the telephone, the graphophone and a hundred other things on every hand, are marvelous to me.

But of all the inventions of man, none is more wonderful than the radio. I doff my hat with something akin to reverence to the men who have made it possible for me to sit in my den and select, at pleasure, music and wisdom from north, south, east and west, as it comes directly from speakers and performers. Within the year, radio has leaped to an important position among the great industries of the world. With few relays sound is transported half way around the globe. Not only is sound thus perfectly reproduced, but recent demonstrations prove the possibility of radio-vision. It is this latest of discoveries, the radio, that has made possible my story.

The Good Book says that at death the body shall return to the dust as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. Also, that the Witch of Endor called back the spirit of the departed Samuel; that Moses, Joshua, Gideon and many others met and conversed with spirit people. I have heard, too, various views concerning *Life After Death*; indeed, I have just finished reading Rev. Arthur Chambers' book of that title. Some people think that the spirit returns to earth again in the body of another person, or perhaps an animal. Others get satisfaction in believing that the spirit dissolves, so to speak, and becomes a part of a universal something. Still others prefer to people an unseen world with spirit folk who have power to think, feel, act and associate much as we do here. A few of my friends, however, insist on going them all one better and predict in the near future, a reunion of the body and spirit or intelligence, which inhabits it here. This, they call the resurrection, and associate it with the second coming of Christ. Just what will be the condition and activities of these made-over people is not quite clear to me.

All these things, however, have seemed so far away and unre-

lated to my vigorous, active life here that they made little appeal to me and were pigeon-holed for more careful consideration when the end of life should heave in sight. But my former passive attitude received a shock, and recent experiences quite persuade me that life after death is perhaps a reality, not a delusion or mere belief.

I must content myself with the foregoing explanation and proceed at once to the promised experiences, leaving you to form your own conclusions with the reminder that it is high to be a judge. Perhaps by the aid of a Sherlock it could all be explained on perfectly natural principles, and that after all, what I saw, I saw not, neither heard I the things that I heard.

My first experience was of the common sort, such as you have all heard many times before—the kind I heard, but with which I was unimpressed. The actual experience was different, however, and occurred in this wise. My friend "B" and I, being of the same "craft," salesmen, and covering the same territory, elected to travel together to reduce expenses. He was about thirty years old, a widower, having lost his wife during the flu epidemic. He had served in the World War and saw his comrades fall on the Field of Flanders. I found him to be a congenial companion, rather of the sober sort, but the kind who compels confidence and respect. Merchants and business men throughout our circuit greeted him warmly and his friends were in evidence on every hand. I gradually came to realize that my increasing business was, in a great measure, due to the company that I was keeping. More than that, I found that my ideals and attitude toward life were undergoing radical changes as a result of our many long talks. He was charitable toward my faults and failings—I found very few in him; in fact, I at length ceased to look for any. Within the year he had become my "David" and, in the role of Jonathan, I was ready to make a covenant of perpetual peace with him. Such, in brief, were my relations with Mr. "B."

Unfortunately for me, however, these pleasant associations were destined to an early end. So it is in life, often love's ties are harshly torn asunder and we are left to weep with no definite answer to our query, why? It was the middle of May. Spring was in all her glory. The smell of flowers, and the song of birds were in the air. The farmer whistled as he plowed and sowed by the roadside, while children romped and played in the sunshine. Everywhere, I felt the joy and thrill of new life and vigor. Not so with my friend. For several days he had been quiet and uncommunicative. All my efforts to draw him out had failed and I settled back in my seat with a feeling of defeat.

We were making the long drive across the mountains from Ft. T. to M. He was at the wheel and drove on in silence. We had climbed the narrow pass more than eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Driving to one side of the road, he stopped the car facing the setting sun. Behind us lay the Valley of Castles, so called because of

the great natural spires towering above the surrounding plain. Before us, and nestling among the mighty Rockies, was the valley of "U." In the distance glistened the waters of the lake of the same name, while here and there, like squares on a checker board, were the farms and villages of a prosperous people. For a time we sat in silent admiration. No sound stirred the air save the faint whirr of an airplane as it floated among the distant clouds.

"It's great, Rowe, isn't it?" His voice was a little husky.

"Which?" I asked.

"Oh, everything," he answered with a sweeping gesture. "These everlasting hills with their cloaks of pines and caps of pure white—the green valleys and the honest people who live in them—the mountain breezes and cool sparkling streams. It is all so glorious." His voice was clear now and there was a far-away look in his eyes. "Do you know what town that is?" he continued, pointing to the southwest.

"Yes," I answered. "That is the little town of L."

"So it is, so it is," he said meditatively. "That's where I first met my girl. We were married there. I have been living those scenes all over today. You are not a church man, I think." I shook my head. "I could tell you some strange things, Rowe, but you would not believe them."

"At least, I should not ridicule," I answered. "I have changed my mind on many points since I got in with you. I am sure that I shall be interested in what you might have to say."

"I couldn't make you see it," he continued, slowly shaking his head.

"Try it," I urged. After a pause he began.

"Yes, we were married down there. Those were happy days but all too short. The remembrance of them still thrills me—the touch of her soft, white hand—I feel it now. The hopes, the plans for the future—they were all as yesterday. Then came the call for men. I was afraid to think, but she proposed it. 'Shall we wait for conscription, or shall we enlist?' she asked. It was always we, our, us. One could not love or be loved alone. The sacrifice, too, must be for both. We made it—we enlisted. I, to cross the waters; she, to cheer and comfort those left behind. Hers was the greater sacrifice. Everywhere I went things were new, strange, interesting. Time passed, then came that terrible night on the battle field. The rain fell in torrents—the deafening thunder—the roar of the guns—the din and shout of battle—the groans and cries of the wounded and dying, O God!" and he threw his hands over his eyes as if to shut out the picture. "There was a crash,—I saw my buddy fall—my head was bursting, then all was silent as death. I felt my head raised from the ground and a soft hand seemed caressingly to wipe away the blood. The pain ceased and I saw, not a nurse, but my Alice, the gentle, sweet girl I had left in the Rockies. 'I am with you, George,' she said. 'I have come to leave you no more.' When I rallied in a hos-

pital a few days later, it needed no message from home to tell me my sweetheart had passed away. I saw her on the Field of Flanders as truly as I ever saw her in life. A week ago she visited me. Last night she was there and she promised to come again." His face was flushed and he became excited. I saw what I should have discovered before—he was ill. With some difficulty I persuaded him to let me drive down the mountain and soon after dark I left him with his friends in the little town of "L."

The next morning I found him delirious. The fever was raging, but I had to leave, having been called in by my firm on special business. It was nearly two weeks before I saw him again, and lonesome weeks they were for me. Wasted and worn by the ravages of disease, he had little resemblance to my "David" of the year past. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," are the words of the Master. They had meant nothing to me. Now they grappled me. Something in me gave way—I wanted to take his place and give him freedom—health—life. It was a holy feeling and filled me with a joy I had never known before. But I was speechless—I could only look dimly through the tears which flooded my eyes. A faint smile lighted his eyes as he laid a thin hand in mine.

"I knew you would come," he whispered. "You've been a good pal and I wanted to tell you. There is something beyond the grave; I have seen it. It is glorious—just keep clean, keep clean. She has been with me again. The next time she comes, I am going. It's all so fine, old chap, don't worry about it." He sank down into his pillow exhausted. At midnight the nurse called me and I hurried to his side. As I neared the door I saw him with his hands extended as if in supplication. He was either praying or talking to someone but his voice was too weak to be audible. In a few moments he had passed away, no doubt to join the girl he loved so devotedly here.

Now you have my story, at least the first part of it. I am not asking your opinion. Build your own theory as I have built mine. Call it delirium or what you like. Thus far I have it only second hand. I saw nothing—heard nothing—just my friend's testimony. What follows is mine and I pass it on to you as he passed his on to me.

It has always been clear to me why a woman should weep at the death of a child or a husband. It has even seemed proper for a husband to show evidence of sorrow under similar conditions, but for man to weep for man never seemed quite the natural thing. Manliness and strength of character to me were never associated with the shedding of tears. I admit, however, and quite without shame or humiliation, that I mourned the loss of my friend. Nor is there now a consciousness of regret for my weakness. In truth, there had awakened within me an interest in my fellows entirely new to me.

But you are not interested in how I felt, it is the incident you want, and here it is. For several years I had celebrated the opening of the fishing season by camping at the head of Still Water on the night

of the fourteenth of June. It was my boast that no hook should legally kiss the water ahead of mine. In these events the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but to the one who gets out early and works late. It was the morning of the fourteenth. I needed the rest, the diversion, more than ever before. It was settled without argument or persuasion, and four o'clock p. m. found me at the old camp ground. Six o'clock, camp set and supper over, I sauntered up the mountain side to determine the number of neighbors as evidenced by smoke from the campfires. They were not numerous for it was yet early. They would come straggling in all hours of the night. At present there was no one nearer than half a mile. The sun was still shining on the summit of Old Tabby. Across the canyon and some distance to the north, I could see the fence of the circle S ranch. That recalled an incident of a year ago. A youngster from the valley, enjoying his first fishing trip in the mountains, had crawled through the fence to fish in the open pasture. A wild bull, resenting the intrusion, began to bellow and tear up the earth. The boy dropping his pole, fled with the bull in pursuit and scaled the first sapling he came to. In the evening when he failed to report at camp, his mother stirred up such a commotion that everybody turned out and searched the stream for miles. George and I found him in the little tree with his feet dangling just above the head of the infuriated animal.

At camp I arranged my tackle ready for the early morning and prepared for an evening program. The radio had become as necessary as my meals. It had been ours—George's and mine. More than anything else, it reminded me of him. Our day's work was always ended with a bit of music from over the way. He had a passion for the radio. He never tired of it and many a time I have awakened in the small hours of the night to find him still at the board—you know how it is with radio fans. He had some 'peculiar ideas about it, too, at least it seemed so to me. He dreamed of a little instrument carried in the pocket like a watch which would sometime be used instead of a bulky cabinet. Aye, his dreams went further. "The air everywhere," he said, "is filled with sights and sounds. Sometime we'll catch them all. It will be an interesting old world to live in then," he would declare with enthusiasm. He didn't stop with the physical, he carried his speculations into the spiritual. He missed his calling, he should have been a scientist or a philosopher instead of a salesman. His spirit world surrounded our earth. "Spirits which come here," he said, "belong here, and at death are not transported to some other sphere. At times we are commingling with people of another world unseen by us." At first, the thought gave me the shivers, but I eventually became used to his doctrine.

"Who knows," he would argue, "but in the future we shall have found a basis of communication with our departed friends. They are not dead—there is no death. They live, they converse, they associate. If there is a possibility of signaling to the people on Mars,

why not converse with those close at hand? I can see no limit to the possibilities of science," he would declare. "Even now we flit through space where only yesterday we thought none but angels could fly. A child at the switchboard now controls ships at sea, flying machines, and automobiles with no visible means of communication. If there are no such hopes, why bother to pray and send out petitions to the unseen? Someone, somewhere, must pick up our SOS or it's all a farce. But it's not a farce, it's a reality. When I pray someone hears me. If my life is right and my ears properly attuned, should I not hear the answer? In olden time physical instruments were used to catch the answer. They were called "Urim and Thummim," and were provided by the Lord. These were scientific instruments just as the radio is scientific and all wisdom and science must come from the same source."

Here I am doling out to you the philosophy of my friend and perhaps you are not the least bit interested. If you are not, I beg your pardon and shall atone by sticking more closely to my narrative.

I tuned in first on radio KSL. It is the weather report. That's interesting for a storm is predicted and I can prepare for it. Next comes some sitting up exercises—not interested, I have plenty ahead of me. The market quotations are endured, perhaps from habit, but I am now outside the industrial world. A string trio, violin, cello and harp is great. Thanks KSL, wish I could express to you personally my appreciations.

Radio KGO is next heard from. A lecture on music—pass it up, I'd rather hear the real thing. Here it comes, a male quartette—believe me, the voices are heavenly. Just think, those chaps are hundreds of miles away, on the shores of the great Pacific, singing to me here in the tops of the Rockies. I didn't catch your names, lads, but you're all right, I'll say. Good night KGO, you've made the world seem smaller tonight.

Radio KGW. Yes, I recall my geography, you're away to the northwest. Not so far away after all. We are within talking distance. "An old-time orchestra," you say? There was no need to announce that for me. "The Irish Washer-woman," "The Campbells Are Coming," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," etc. I can hear your applause—I'm clapping my hands, too. I'm doing something else—I'm thinking of my first dance ever—hickory shirt, home-made denim overalls, bare feet—not the Charleston, just plain dancing in the sand. There is a girl in the picture—and another fellow—let's move on. I'd like to shake your hands, old-timers, you've rolled the scroll back forty years.

Radio KDA. You are a little nearer, measured in miles. We are neighbors, so to speak. That was a wonderful violinist. The violin is my favorite instrument. You always have such fine things for us. It is a good time to turn in with those matchless strains still

sounding in my ears. George, old pal, the evening would have been complete if you had been here.

I had little idea of the passing of the time, it might have been hours, I cannot tell. I had been restless, turning this way and that in a vain endeavor to sleep. I had recited to myself the multiplication tables—over and over again, I had counted black sheep jumping over a stile, but all to no purpose. A feeling of loneliness possessed me. The howl of a coyote in the timber above, the hoot of an owl from a near-by tree, the plaintive moan of the wind through the swaying branches all added to the dismalness of the hour.

At times I lay on the borderline of consciousness taking brief flight into dreamland but always returning with an abruptness that startled me. The moon's rays filtering through the canvass shed a mellow light within the tent. Just above me, shadows cast by the leaves of an aspen fluttered and danced like fairies, while beyond, rising and falling with the breeze, was the outline of a dead branch resembling a clown in the circus.

Strangely exhausted and unquieted, I turned toward the radio near my bed. To weary eyes and senses the dials seemed like faces peering through the darkness in an effort to attract my attention. Mechanically I put out my hand and turned on the current.

All my friends were evidently asleep—just a bit of jazz from a far-off station. It was not jazz I wanted. Several attempts to tune in brought no satisfaction. I was about to give it up when I caught the faint sound of an instrument, indistinct at first, but warming my soul as the morning sun warms a waiting world. It stayed an instant and then was gone like the lost chord. I was all intense. Eagerly I turned the dials back and forth past the marks. Ah, again, the sound of a harp, faint and far away. And voices, too. The harmony and sweetness of the sounds my words cannot express to you. Fainter and farther away and again they were gone. There was no sound save the beating of my heart. I waited in breathless silence. Where did it come from? Would there be no announcement? Could I but get the station—more than anything else I wanted it. Were they strains from the celestial world and not to be repeated?

Then again I heard it, not the music as before but a voice that was sweetly familiar saying, "Radio KDS, Kingdom of Departed Spirits." With the announcement came sights and sounds from a new world with a new color-scheme, flowers, landscapes, and birds, with people busy and happy, and George, my old pal, with his sweet-heart in the midst of all its glories.

I woke with a start to find the dawn creeping over my tent and the early birds chirping merrily in the branches overhead.

Provo, Utah

ROMANCE—TO ORDER

BY ANN S. WARNER

When at six Letha Gardel discovered that her dollie was stuffed with sawdust, she had screamed with temper. When nearer twenty-six, and she discovered that her magical "business career" showed similar symptoms, the old outlet was no longer hers. The first unseasonably hot spring day of the year, with its demoralizing effect on office nerves, had sapped the last of her energy in keeping the department under her from complete collapse. She had fought to keep her despondency from her father at dinner, and fled, once it was over, to the park. Even his gentle face, goodness incarnate, she had seemed to see tonight through a vision grotesque, distorted.

Human weary, she felt the park lap its benign ceremonial of day's closing about her. Buds, pushing out, were yet hugged tight in dark brown cases. Earth objects were etched with uncanny definiteness, the heavens wavering tints ready to flame to gorgeousness. All was breathlessly still, save for the imperceptibly changing hues. Like an unbecoming winter coat discarded in Spring, the frayed tension slipped from Letha. It was the hour in which intangibles become concrete, practicalities absurd. Her eyes sought questioningly into the piled cloud masses of mauve and gold, as her slow steps carried her along the familiar path.

Abruptly she halted. "Why, Bob Roth, what are you doing here?" She had almost stumbled over the long legs of a man sitting on some stone steps by the balustrade. "Don't you know that's my private seat you're occupying?" she demanded, her tone whipping back to casual trivialities, although in some indefinable glow the sunset freedom lingered in her petite person. There was always a freshness about her, in her groomed brown hair that shaped so naturally to pleasing lines, in her clothes that clung where they should, and where they should not fell away in dainty folds. For all her shorn modishness through it crept the quieter sweetness of another age. She had the fragile beauty of the clematis against the background her father had always wished for her—white-painted pillars of a sunny porch, remote alike from offices and two-room apartments.

But the man's eyes were raised only long enough to identify her, and dully dropped again. "This seat was vacant when I came along. You can have it if you want it." He made no movement, though, to give it to her and continued sitting slouched down with a depression as complete as hers had been.

Acting on an unaccountable impulse, she slipped down beside him. "What's your grouch?" she asked companionably.

"You ask that, after being over in our department today? I thought you had sense!"

"Yours was mild compared with ours," she remembered dolefully. "Every crank in the city descended on us; about the fooliest lot of things!"

"Forget it," he ordered gruffly, but Letha was too in sympathy to mind his tone.

For a time they sat perfectly silent, the faint breeze coming up ruffling their hair. Letha's eyes went back to the last lingering glory in the skies.

Suddenly the man beside her broke out in a musing voice, apropos of nothing, "Funny, the things a fellow wants and the things he gets. I always remember the way Ted Walker swore he'd never get tied down by marriage—and he sure never was intended for that state! Yet look at him. Married the first of the crowd and three youngsters now."

"At least a man can do what he wants," Letha commented.

"Can he?" the man fired back at her hotly, and with a bitter undernote.

Office gossip flashed to her of a termagant mother dependent on him, and nastily determined no girl should interfere with her claims.

"You can't deny the man has the privilege of popping the question," she offered lamely.

"A heck of a lot of difference that makes! But it isn't so much you want to marry as you get tired of having marriage rubbed into you. Today Jack told me he's going to try it—and I will be left stranded. With all the wives so sweetly," his voice lifted briefly in scornful mimicry, "insisting I come out with them, so they can show off how loving they are to their precious hubbies, before an outsider!"

Letha laughed shortly. "Rubbing it in on the unmarried to convince themselves they're glad they married. You know back of the scenes—but just the same—it—you—Oh,—"

"You've hit it," he agreed.

"And then when you see the plainest girl you know flush up to positive beauty—and you wonder—" She did not finish.

He did it for her, "You wonder what this thing 'love' is."

A silence as remote as the last color-tinges on the horizon cobwebbed into time. Letha broke it dreamily, hardly conscious she was speaking her thoughts, "It's like the old fairy tale of the Sleeping Princess. No girl wants to be asleep, even in all her trappings and state. Yet until a Prince kissed her she had to sleep. And without any animation, any life, who wants to kiss a sleeping girl? To give her the awakening kiss of admiration?"

Bob Roth turned uncertainly her way. Seemingly his errant mind had been penetrated by one word, "kiss." He saw lips, warm, soft, expectant. Lips made to be kissed.

Startled for a moment, her lips curved to his, then wrenched away. "Oh! Oh!" she choked. "I—I didn't mean that."

He drew back bewildered. "Please, I say, I don't know why I did that. Except it's spring. And I wanted to," he ended haltingly. Letha rallied, "Because I was the only girl around."

"Not—not that. But every other fellow with his wife, or his girl. And—and—" he stumbled on.

"I know," she spoke quickly. "I always thought that a problem strictly limited to girls. But I suppose you can get just as tired of an overdose of masculine society as we do straight feminine. And find only one thing worse—married couples."

"You've said it. Of course, the way I'm fixed it's not fair for me to monopolize any girl. I see exactly what Mother means when she says it isn't fair to the girl. Not that she thinks I'll break their hearts, or any bosh like that," he flushed slightly, "but it drives off other fellows who could marry. And I'm not one of those chaps who can round up a new girl every week."

She nodded with entire understanding. "It isn't that you want to get married. I'm much keener about my job even if it is forced on me by having Father out of commission. Just the same I hate being left out of all the fun of going out evenings. But I'm like you. I couldn't go on finding new men every week to play with. And when I couldn't be serious with the old ones—they married other girls; until a date's become a real event."

He looked up eagerly. "I say, why can't we play around together? We both understand there can never be anything serious. You've got your Father just as I have Mother. It seems to me we're about in the same boat."

Her slim little hand met his with quick answering pressure. "Why not? What ho, for some jolly times!"

An hour later, still buoyantly elated, she opened the door of their apartment and looked about for her father. He was reading by the student lamp. With chastening contrition she noticed the weary sag to the shoulders under the worn shabby coat. What dreary company she must have been at dinner and he here alone all day! Bending on tiptoe over the high back of his chair, she ran a caressing hand across his high temples from which the silvering hair swept away so evenly.

"That you, daughter mine?" he said, closing the heavy tome on his lap.

"What are you studying, dear?" she asked.

"Not this book," he shook his head gravely, "but the problem of how I can help bear expenses."

Letha's heart sank. Why, oh, why must he grieve this way over being dependent on her when it was a happiness to her to be able to care for him?

He went on, "I ought to be able to find some form of office work, nothing strenuous, easy hours. I'm so much stronger now."

Her eyebrows contracted with quick, tense worry. "Oh, you

know what's happened every time you've tried. You just suffer for it. And then there are the doctor bills—" She bit her lip at the pain on his face at her unfortunate allusion.

"No," he agreed sadly, "I mustn't risk that additional load on you again. But when I think of that Mother of yours—always so sunny and laughing and gay. And a daughter of hers cooped up in an office. Not out free, enjoying yourself."

"Will it cheer you up that I'm going to the theater with Bob Roth tomorrow night?" she asked, glad of something to divert him from an often-harped-on topic. "He's one of the men in the sales department."

"Bob Roth. I haven't heard of him in years. So he's still with the firm I introduced him to, is he?"

Letha looked up startled. "I'd forgotten you knew him. In fact I sometimes forget how many years you used to be with **my**—our firm."

"He came with a letter from his mother. We used to live in the same little town. His mother's family owned the place next to ours. As a matter of fact," a faint quizzical smile crossed his face, "our mothers rather fixed it to have a match between us. To please them we went often to parties together. Then I met your mother—and no other woman existed afterwards."

"I wonder how Mrs. Roth liked that," said Letha reflectively.

Mr. Gardel shook his head. "I must admit she didn't. Purely a matter of pride. She had always counted me her property—to dispose of as she pleased. She was quite put out at our engagement. Really almost disagreeable to your mother. So much so, I have always felt it was the reason your mother favored leaving for a larger place. She said it would give me more scope to develop my powers. But, somehow, the big success she expected never came."

Letha's eyes may have been her mother's, same clear grey, fringed with the same dark lashes, and have gazed with the same adoration at the man before her, but years of office work had taught the younger woman how little his scholarly finenesses would count in the business world, while at the same time she had gained a new appreciation of their rare value that could not be put into words.

"Nonsense, dear," she patted his hand tenderly, "it was just your health broke down at the wrong time. But tell me more about Mrs. Roth. You don't draw a very attractive picture of her."

"She is a very capable woman. At least she always used to be."

"Judging from little things I've heard at the office," said Letha grimly, "I take it she still is—where her own interests are concerned."

"She seems to have made her son very much of a man."

"And she's going to keep all the rewards for herself," Letha retorted quickly, the inexplicable antagonism she had felt from the first mention of this woman shaping to active dislike.

During the ensuing weeks, in which she saw much of Bob Roth,

she sensed always the impending shadow of the woman's indomitable will. At first it was imperceptible straws. Then there was his sudden unwillingness to follow plans to attend a show, and his subsequent admission his mother was to be there, and his acknowledging he preferred not to let her know how often he was with Letha. She eagerly endorsed that. Why should they tell? It was their own concern, no others. At her quick advocacy of his views he admitted his mother had opposed their friendship from the start.

"I thought she'd be pleased to know I was going out with the daughter of the man she'd sent me to when I first came here; but I saw I'd stirred up a hornet's nest."

Letha began jigsawing pieces together in her brain. The son determined to go to the city. The woman knowing only one man there. Pride in her desire to show him off to that man; dislike of asking a favor of a man whom Letha was strongly beginning to suspect she harbored a deep grievance over. And then later to have the prospect of the daughter of the woman who had stolen that man from her, as she would view it, that woman's daughter calmly preparing to steal her son away. Yes, that is how she would look at their innocent friendship! And the pity of it—to have a thing so harmless and sensible and fine distorted to such ridiculous conceptions! Well, it was lucky for them they were in a city and situated with freedom to do as they pleased. Decidedly she encouraged Bob to say nothing more to his mother.

With the new sense of intimacy established she came to learn much of the subjection in which the mother was determined to hold the son. As a man he had been able to break away and have interests outside, but she could dictate only too much of the trend of his life, if through no other means than his purse.

He confided to Letha that in the beginning, when he found all his friends marrying, he had hoped to join them reasonably soon. Recognizing his mother's attitude, he had seen it would never do to bring a girl of any spirit to live in the same house. But with his prospects gaining he expected soon to be able to provide a separate establishment for his mother on the scale she had always had. With baffling dismay he discovered that every raise in his checks simply increased the scale of living, made his mother but demand the more. The possibility of division into two continued as distant as ever.

"That Mrs. Roth," Letha boiled over, coming in late after an evening with Bob and finding her father still up and ready to talk, "is a she devil."

"Daughter! What are you saying?"

"Well, she is! Bob's one of the finest of the fine, and she's cheating him out of everything in life. Willfully cheating him!"

"But she is his mother."

"Yes, and she'll see no one ever forgets it. She's the contemptible sort that always does have a good excuse for making everybody else miserable. Widow and son. Skimping out her paltry

estate to send him to college. Now little left, and up to son. Bah! He could have worked his way through by himself twice as easily. I don't believe she cares a hoot for all the things she makes him get. She just wants to have her own way."

Mr. Gardel looked troubled. "She always had it," he admitted. "She was an only daughter and they gave her everything."

"I declare I believe you are the only thing in the world she ever started after and failed to get," Letha declared, too wrathful to care how her father took it. "And to this day she's nursing a 'grouch' over it."

"Oh, no, dear. You're absurd. She married another man."

"Probably to show 'em she could. She's still rankling over the blow to her pride anyway. She's one of those horrible women who are always technically in the right. Of course, she's Bob's mother. And I suspect she's always had some perfectly good alibi for every act in her life. And she'll go on being perfectly impossible—and getting everything she doesn't deserve until somebody puts her in the wrong. Only nobody ever will succeed in doing it," she ended mournfully.

Mr. Gardel could not suppress a laugh. "There used to be a lot of bad boys in school who longed to do that very thing. But she graduated head of her class. With a perfect deportment record and all the privileges that went with it."

Letha melted into amusement at the picture drawn. But her feeling against the older woman was not dispersed, only driven into the background.

That shadow, though, could not obscure the brightness of their days together. Halcyon days, filled with staunch work toward the business success each believed in, followed by gay frolics together in the evenings, and holidays of gypsy tramping after summer wild-flowers. Their companionship was perfect.

Then came fall days of gold and red, a glory of pungent flaming foliage, a riot of the senses. One day they climbed through the crackling scrub oak to the pillared rocks. The tang in the air sent blood coursing through them. A bough swished back against Letha. He sprang to intercept it. Without warning she was in his arms and they were swept to sudden madness. Close in his arms, knowing love's sweetness, love's poignancy, hearts made for each other beating together.

Then came the agony of realization. The obtrusion of bitter necessity, the facing of facts as they were. Love had showed them the silvery glints of the inside of the stars but love must be lived in a house. His mother. Her father to be provided for. If he lived with them how could his mother be excluded? Three roofs. Where was money for that? Yet if they were all to live together! * *

Her eyes, wide with the pain in them, met his mutely—bravely denying. Love, even such love as theirs, would die under such con-

ditions. Better to keep this hour that had been theirs, a perfume to linger forever in the essence of their being.

But the searing, stabbing pain of parting. No, oh, no! It couldn't—it mustn't—it shouldn't be. It couldn't, it couldn't be—. Existence now without each other was unthinkable.

They clung breathlessly together.

Inexorably life tore them apart. For the present, the drearily forward extending present, they tried to turn back to friendship. Friendship, frail creature, deserted them. They had spurned her once for her rival, she would flout them hereafter. She would not lend them even the pretense of her mantle. Love, love with hungry arms, pulled at them.

Bitterly they faced it. The depth of each's love for the other gave strength. Love would not be denied, but each shrank equally from entering into a long fruitless engagement. It would be better to make a clean break now. And let the days roll drearily, bleakly by.

Mr. Gardel knew something was wrong. But the white, silent misery in Letha's face brooked no questioning. His tenderest ministrations drew from her only a wan smile. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"Had a tiff with your young man?" How he fought to keep his voice jovial!

"No. No fight." She studied the listless hand in her lap. "It's simply all over. But, oh, Daddy," her voice broken from its apathy and crescendoed with pain, "what right have they to show us love if we can't have it? It didn't matter before. And now, dear God," her voice was a prayer, "nothing else matters."

"But if he loves you," her father began gently.

"Oh, he does! He does!" In a torrent the whole bitter story was laid before him. "It's not you, Daddy, it's not you. Don't feel it's that. It's she. And the ghastly whip hand she's got over it all."

"But, daughter dear, it's not right. Youth has its right to love. Old people have no right to stand in the way."

"Tell that to *her*, and see what good it does. As long as she lives—and she's beastly healthy—she'll fight it. And go on finding perfectly legitimate reasons for having her own way. Nothing but death can dispose of her hanging around his neck."

"But, dear, surely she can be managed some way," her father pleaded futilely.

Letha shook her head. "We've thought of everything. You can see yourself there's nothing to suggest. But don't worry about it, Daddy mine. It's just one of the things that show us how ineffably beautiful the world could be, and isn't. We're all right. You know I always did contend I was cut out for a business career," she said, managing a sorry little smile. "Let's get to bed. Morning comes as ever."

With pained sadness her father watched her through the door. It was wrong. Old folks like him and Bob's mother had no right hampering young love. His mind went back to Letha's mother, radiant, joyous, and to their own love time, to the romance, the youth, and the joy that made marriage. Now their daughter faced this. What a failure he had made of himself that he could do nothing! The helpless impotence of the invalid held him. Nothing in the world could exceed the torture of having to sit by, useless, and see Letha's happiness fade.

He wondered if a talk with Mrs. Roth would accomplish anything even while a memory of the past told him no. She rose vividly before him, trailing tempestuous scenes of those days. No, he was not exactly one to go to her as young love's advocate. What Letha had said about her still brooding over it, recurred to mind. An idea came with crashing force.

For a moment he shrank back in instinctive frozen recoil. He tried to canvass other possibilities but Letha had been right, there were none. Only in this way could he cease being the drag on Letha that was stealing away her chance at home and happiness. This way he could lift the burden from her. His shabby shoulders lost their weary sag. The failure had been offered one more opportunity for service, and he grasped it thankfully, repungnant a guise as it might wear.

He crossed to the table and lifted the picture of the girl who had once been his bride, Letha's mother. Lovingly he ran his hand about the burnished gold, to brush away the dust that never had been given an opportunity to settle on it.

"Lucy, you'd want it so, wouldn't you? And it's only in outward semblance—not in my heart, dear."

His hand, though, faltered as he laid the picture away, not in its accustomed place but far underneath in a bottom drawer. But his face wore a look of peace, hard gained and triumphant.

The next afternoon Bob came in to Letha, wildly excited.

"Heard the news yet, Letha? Whoops! Think of it! Mother and your Father married!"

"What!"

"That's what they say. I had an errand up town so I stopped in at the house for lunch. And found this."

Letha read the brief note blankly.

"I don't believe it. There's a mistake somewhere. Why, Bob, it couldn't be. You don't know how wrapt up he was in memories of Mother."

"But, Letha, it says they are married. It must be so."

"I tell you, 'No,'" her voice was almost shrill. "It couldn't be. It's unspeakable even to suggest it. Not Father!"

Let's go up and get the letter they say was left for you. Maybe you'll believe then."

Letha complied in stony silence, almost hating Bob for the

pleasure he was revealing. Knowing all and being pleased at his mother's prideful triumph in marriage to her old lover! For her to have her way even in this!

As they drove off Bob turned to her with a strained look on his face. "Letha, it seems to me you're taking the news that we're free to marry in a darned queer way."

She stared up wide-eyed. "We free," she echoed.

"Oh, don't you see it? Who's to hinder us now? Unless *you* don't want to," he added stiffly.

"Want to," she again repeated but now softly, raptly. "Why, Bob, you are right. We can!"

"I'll say so."

"And that's what you were pleased about."

"What else?"

Letha kept discreetly silent, digesting to herself what this new state of affairs involved. Her father's letter amply confirmed the news. It was a letter so unlike him that Letha knotted her brows over it. She pointed out one paragraph to Bob.

"Of course," it said, "we really are doing a very improvident thing. One for which you have much cause to censure us. As I tell Bob's mother the only way we can make amends is so to arrange it that we will be a much less heavy burden on you in the future than we have been in the past. The practical plan, it seems to me, would be for us to live in a small place on the outskirts of town, and possibly see what can be done with chickens. At the time our back yards adjoined we both of us used to know a good bit about the feathered creatures. You young people will, of course, have to arrange to live nearer your places of business."

"Say," cried Bob, "your father's a prince. Very tactfully doesn't add—but it's there—'You two marry and set up your own home.' O Letha, girl! Ours! All alone!"

The girl's eyes sparkled at his through a mist of tears.

Denver, Colorado.

After the Rain

Yesterday my heart was aching,
And the day was dismal, gray.
From dark clouds the rain was drizzling,
All the long and dreary day.

But today, all's bright with sunshine,
Skies are blue as blue can be.
Small birds' throats seem simply bursting
With a wealth of melody.

Through dead grass new green is peeping;
Buds on bare trees herald Spring,
But it seems to me that I am
Happier than anything!

Scipio, Utah

NONA H. BROWN.

SIDE-LIGHT ON THE GUNNISON MASSACRE

BY FRANK BECKWITH

THE SPANIARDS BORROW THE INDIANS' SLATE

How long ago no one knows, but the ancient Indians of New Mexico used as a slate, to do their writing upon, the base of the great cliff of the "El Morro" rock, which lies southeast of Santa Fe, New Mexico. This giant rock rises abruptly several hundred feet out of the plain; at its base is a cool, satisfying spring. By the location of the rock itself, which lies a day's journey from a camping place either way on the old trail leading past it, the traveler is invited to make camp there.

Photographs of the rock show that along its base are many ancient Indian hieroglyphics, carved upon it when the aborigine camped there. It was his slate, on which he scrawled, using a fragment of flint for a pencil.

At the time, when Spain was the foremost nation in the world and mistress of the seas, when her Armada was invincible, her soldier-commanders carried the banner of the Castiles and the Cross of Christ into all far lands at the tip of a sword. Having conquered Mexico and Peru, they extended their operations northward. From Mexico bands of soldiery, under intrepid leaders, accompanied by priests and chroniclers, worked northward on many expeditions of conquest.

The pathway of several of these expeditions was past "El Morro" Rock, where in the cool shade of the great cliff, or lying at full length under the few trees the tiny spring supported, the tired and travel-worn soldiers and leaders took rest, just as did the ancient Indian aborigine before them.

In the leisure of the day, during the brief period of rest which this spot afforded, the heavy helmet, the stiff cuirass, the unwieldy blunderbuss and its tripod, were laid aside; thus doffing all the harness, the warrior walked over to the big cliff, and, so to speak, "borrowed the Indian's slate to write on."

He took his dagger out of his belt, and standing there (now nearly three hundred years ago) cut, carved, and scratched his message in Spanish, with the tip of that deadly dagger. If an Indian hieroglyph were already on the rock, he wrote over it; for what did the burly warrior of Spain care for so little a thing as a rude "devil marking?"—the more he erased of them the better!

One inscription was the famous "Lujan Inscription," thus made in the year 1636. Charles F. Lummis, in "Mesa, Canon and Pueblo," gives as his translation of this famous message:

"They (the expedition) passed on the 23rd of March, 1632 years, to the avenging of the death of Father Letrado."

And then the intrepid old warrior, more tightly clutching the dagger in hand, coat of mail removed for free elbow room, laboriously cut his own signature below his message, briefly, boldly, tersely, as a warrior should,—“*Lujan*.”

He could have cut his way through a body of the foe to a greater liking, and with less difficulty, than he guided that steel to the unfamiliar task of writing,—the making of his dagger a pencil to write on the Indian's slate!

OTHERS HAVE THE SCRIBBLER'S ITCH

Lieutenant J. H. Simpson (who afterwards rose to the position of General in the United States Army) was leading an expedition in that same territory, over two hundred years later, and, like his predecessors, camped at the base of the great cliff. As is usual with most expeditions, Simpson had with him an artist, or topographer, to sketch the features of the various regions visited, and to make report to his Government of their itinerary.

That artist's name was R. H. Kern.

Like Lujan, this citizen of the United States took his knife (bowie or pocket knife in lieu of dagger) and similarly carved his message on the same rock, for we find he left a message saying:

“Lt. J. H. Simpson, U. S. A., and R. H. Kern, Artist,
visited and copied these inscriptions
September 17-18, 1849.”

Then two years later, Topographer Kern, again visited the same spot, and wrote:

“R. H. Kern
Aug. 29
1851.”

Lieutenant Simpson made a report to his department at Washington, mentioning this interesting rock, and gave a *fac-simile* of the famous “Lujan inscription.” His attempt to decipher it was not correct, as he (or Simpson) knew no Spanish. But the earliest marks of a citizen of the United States inscribed on that rock is that carved by Kern, in 1849, and again, his second visit, in 1851.

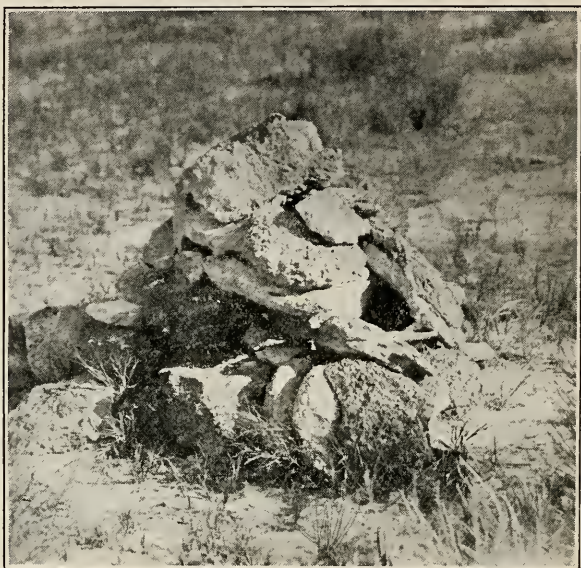
THE SCENE SHIFTS

Now the intensely interesting part to Utahns is that the scene leaves New Mexico, and takes an abrupt flight to the Sevier Desert. When topographer R. H. Kern finished his work with the expedition led by Lieut. Simpson, he must evidently have applied to Captain John W. Gunnison, of the United States Topographical Engineers, for a similar position, for we find him as the artist-photographer with the “Central Pacific Railroad Surveying Expedition,” which was commanded by Captain John W. Gunnison.

After putting his name on “El Morro” rock as the first citizen of the United States to visit and record his visitation to that famous

spot, poor Kern walked directly to his death, six miles west of Deseret, on the Sevier Desert, in Millard county, Utah,—to a death unhonored, unwept, and unsung, as the tiny little pile of rocks heaped over his death-spot testify!

For Artist R. H. Kern was killed in the "Gunnison Massacre,"



GUNNISON MASSACRE SITE NEAR DESERET

This rude pile of stones marks the site of the massacre of R. H. Kern, artist, in the employ of Captain John W. Gunnison of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, six miles west of Deseret, Utah.

on the morning of October 26, 1853, when eight of twelve of Gunnison's party were ambushed by Indians.

HONOR TO THE WORTHY DEAD

Captain John W. Gunnison wrote a small volume, entitled *The Mormons*, in which he recorded, in a manner highly complimentary, the result of his observations during the four years he was among them. Orson F. Whitney speaks of this in his volumes, *History of Utah*, in these words:

"The fate of Captain Gunnison, who, like Captain Stansbury, was greatly esteemed by the 'Mormon' people, was a shock to the whole community. He had endeared himself to the Saints, not only by his urbane and gentlemanly deportment, but by the fair and impartial manner in which he had written up, in his valuable little book entitled, *The Mormons*, their history and religion. * * * A lock of Gunnison's hair was sent, as a memento, to Governor Young, who forwarded it to the Captain's widow."

Under the rude little pile of debris—volcanic stones gathered up as rubbish fallen from old, abandoned granaries, and chunks of cement dislodged by the tool of time from older walls—lie all that is left of the mortal remains of Artist-Topographer R. H. Kern.

His was the brush and the pencil to wield, not the steel with which warrior Lujan had cut his message and name two centuries before on the rock on which both stood and carved,—the one trained to draw and record form; the other, inured to thrust, parry, and hack.

To think that Artist Kern should walk in the next two years, from that famous "Autograph Album of the Ages," to his tragic fate in Millard county! 'Tis the wont of Fate to take our life strings and weave our colors into her pattern, when the design needs our pigment. Kern and Gunnison were then needed in the figure, and each walked directly to his fate, the weaving delayed not a whit!

* * *

The several local chapters of the Daughters of the Pioneers, as one of their projects, will see that a suitable stone shaft, enclosed in an iron fence, shall mark the historic spot on a bleak and barren desert where Captain John W. Gunnison met his death, and where lie the last mortal remains of Artist-Topographer R. H. Kern. For the spot has thus a double value:—the friend of Utah and the "Mormons" there met his death; and the artist, whose name appears carved on the great Southwest's most historic rock, there in company with a glorious crew of early warriors, found his last resting place.

There is considerable confusion and great uncertainty as to whether the remains of Captain John W. Gunnison lie buried there, or in Fillmore. This does not concern the daughters of the Pioneers, whose object is to erect a suitable memorial over the spot where the little band met its death, without reference to where the bones of any of that group may have been deposited.*

Later, J. H. Simpson rose to be Captain, and still later, to be a General. When a Captain he took an expedition from Camp Floyd, Utah, to Genoa, in Carson Valley, Nevada, to establish a wagon road between the two places. That route traversed the western portion of Juab county, just north of Delta, and the next mountains north of the Dugway Mountains were named the Simpson Mountains in his honor.

Thus doubly do we find in Utah a connection of the men who carved their names on "the stone autographic album of the great Southwest," along with Spanish warriors; and earlier even than this, are the rude designs drawn by the aborigine, no one knows how long ago.

*See facing p. 469 *Mesa, Canon and Pueblo* for photograph of the name of R. H. Kern, artist, on the rock in company with mighty old Lujan. Consult Whitney's *History of Utah* for a recital of the Gunnison Massacre, (vol. I, page 521, etc.) and you will find that Artist R. H. Kern died, with the little band which was massacred, only six miles west of Deseret. See also Young's *The Founding of Utah*, page 267, for mention of Captain J. H. Simpson.

REACHING FOR A HIGHER LEVEL

BY A FATHER TO HIS SON

[A leading citizen's son is now attending college. On a recent visit home, he wrote a personal letter, as a composition theme, and let his father go over it for correction. Therein the boy laid bare the nature of his present dislike for school. From his sister, who is with him, his parents learned of his forming a hurtful habit. These facts led his father to write him the following letter. It is so good and so to the point that we think it should be shared by hundreds of other mothers' sons; and so, with the consent of the parents, we present it in the pages of the *Improvement Era*, where all may learn its value.—Editors.]

My Dear Boy:—I have been thinking about the personal letter you prepared while at home, as a theme for your teacher in English, and what you wrote in that letter made me recall a certain trying year in my educational experience when I was about your age.

It was my third year in the Brigham Young Academy, at Provo, and corresponded roughly to the present sophomore year of the high school. My feelings were apparently just like what you seem to feel now in your first year in college. I wanted to quit school once for all and get on a farm, do stunts as a cowboy, drive a big freight team, or go to work in a mine. I felt, "What's the use? I already have a better education than my father had, better than nine-tenths of the men of my acquaintance have, and yet they are all getting along fine."

But pure stubbornness saved me. I had by this time formulated some practical rules of life, and my fellow students had widely copied them, or rather had asked me to inscribe them, into the remembrance albums that all students kept in those days. These rules were; "Get at it. Stick to it. Finish it. Don't worry."

I couldn't very well go back on them, so I pushed against the stream until a time came, after several months, when I again loved to study; and mental investigations and thinking have ever since been the big joy of my life.

Some years later, that great teacher and scholar, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, came to the B. Y. U. as a summer lecturer; and among many other wonderful things, of mind and heart, he left with me a message tied up in this very unique phrase, *viz*: "The Progressive Prolongation of Ephebic Ferment." It took me a year to fathom its full meaning, but when I did, I made it the subject of an oft-repeated lecture throughout the towns of Utah.

Ephebic was coined by Dr. Hall from Phoebus Apollo, who stands for the idea of perpetual youth; *ferment* was the word he chose for that mental and spiritual awakening which comes with adolescence to every boy or girl who is fated to do things in this life; *progressive prolongation* explains itself as a continuance of the adolescent state of mind and heart, even unto old age, making and keep-

ing the man or woman young in spirit and ever growing, in spite of what may betide the body. The possibility of such progress I conceived and still believe to be the greatest gift of God to man.

Unfortunately, of the millions that teem the walks of life, most of whom at your present age feel in some measure the divine surge of adolescence—and so, for a brief glimpse at least, see the world in brilliant colors,—only one here and there keeps green and hopeful in spirit to the end of life. For the ninety out of every hundred, the world soon turns grey, and life becomes fixed and humdrum; in other words, their souls become immured in the clay of their bodies, like the coral polyp; which, however, *does* have the power of emerging upward through an aperture in its head, and so begins to build again. Let us hope that the analogy of this latter operation is, for these earth-incrusted mortals, the release which we commonly call death.

Well, when I understood the possibility of prolonging the mental aspect of adolescence, I resolved that this ferment should remain with me throughout life, and I believe that it has. I am today as quick to adopt the new, and as ready to quit the old—should I find it false—as I was at twenty-one.

Moreover, as this message sank into my consciousness, I went back into my own personal history, and found out *why I almost quit* and settled down to the little old—centuries old—treadmill of existence. My ancestors, for no doubt a thousand generations, had quit fermenting at a certain age, and thereafter sat it out, so to speak, on their haunches; consequently when that due time came, this same paralyzing sandbar loomed up before the wave of my spiritual progress and almost halted me; almost, but not quite, for as I have already explained I finally washed it out of my path, so that my mental life might flow on. Nor have I ever felt its clogging power since.

Your mother's ancestors were for the most part men and women to whom the intellectual life was the natural life—Sir Robert Peel type, for instance—and so she probably never encountered the hardpan that almost stopped my mental roots from going deeply downward (if I may thus vary the metaphor of my life-struggle). I had hoped, therefore, ever since he was a little lad, that my son might escape that terrific combat of the spirit against the inertia of the body.

This struggle seems not to be in the path of Calista or of Dorothy, and we have yet to see how it will affect the youngsters now at home. But it *has* evidently come to you. In that very expressive slang, *you are up against it*, and the challenge is to the very centre of your being.

I got help from my Father in heaven, and without it I don't believe I should have won out.

When this struggle comes hardest to you, tell me, my son, don't you immediately crave a cigarette? And after you have inhaled its fumes, does not the struggle pass? Is not the world smooth and comfortable again? Continue to meet the issue in that way, and you

will have lost out forever; and what is more you will always smoke thereafter,—whatever be your boast of manliness today—just for the anodyne of putting the very memory of your failure out of mind. In that single fact lies the insidious hellishness of the nicotine habit; it kills ambition and makes us satisfied with things as they are. I have been through it all, and know what I am talking about.

Thus far, my boy, I have written—in disguised terms perhaps—on the psychology of eternal progress, which, as you are yet to know, is the very heart and soul of "Mormonism." Permit me now, as your father, to point out some significant mental distinctions.

Science divides your soul life into *knowing*, *feeling*, and *willing*. The first has to do with the enlargement of your mental horizon; the second with the satisfying of your desires and emotions; the third, specifically with the lifting of yourself daily into higher things.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

This daily outgrowing of the shell of the body is the poet's way of picturing eternal progress. The purely knowledge aspect of the soul has something to do with it; so also has the purely emotional aspect; but after all is said that may be said, the real lifting power is in the will. The first may give the vision, the second will make the vision seem desirable, but only by the third can the vision pass over into achievement.

To be captain of one's soul, if the expressive phrase be translated into terms of daily growth, mean *self-denial* rather than *self-indulgence*; especially in relation to the house in which the captain dwells. You meet men every day who cannot stop to exchange ideas for three minutes without rolling a cigarette. These men are already hopelessly dead in this life—I mean as to their eternal spirits—entombed, as they are, behind walls which are daily cemented more strongly with nicotine mortar.

Are you going to be in that group? Every little while I surprise your mother in her room, weeping and praying for you: "O Daddy, why don't you write to our boy."

Well, I have written; but I hesitated long, realizing how impatiently the modern young man sweeps aside any attempt at parental guidance. And after all, I ask myself, what good will it do? For in effect you know enough already to guide you in doing. I can only hope my words will bring that knowledge sharply to the front.

The cigarette slave is never set free through adding knowledge to knowledge; a single smoke will neutralize the wisest and sharpest counsel in the world, and so make him comfortable again. The problem, my boy, is up to your will; but a tobacco will—which

I don't believe you have as yet—is weak as water. Better enlist the help of the Lord in this fight.

Listen to this definition of the gospel: It is “the power of God unto salvation.” Paul's condensed phrase means: the power which God gives instantly to those who call upon him from the *deeps of the soul*, when confronted with some act of *self-denial* which their own souls are not heroic enough to achieve; a self-denial which, however, is necessary to that day's or that hour's or that minute's salvation.

Try it out, my boy, and remember this lesson about *the progressive prolongation of ephebic ferment*. It is the meaning of eternal progress.

Lovingly,

YOUR FATHER.

Memory Pictures

When I set me down at twilight,
And the day is nearly o'er,
Recollections so enthrall me
That I live my past once more.
Soon before me looms a fireside,
Memories of childhood dear,
With the prattle of sweet voices
And the bed-time tales I hear.

And there flits before my vision
Mother's face, so soft and mild,
And I long to share her kisses
As I did when but a child.
There was never such another
In the annals of my past,
None so willing to forgive me
Or to help me to the last.

Mother always was so faithful,
Though her life was one of care,
That she healed our various ailments
With her humble work and prayer.
So I learned my lesson early,
That there's nothing to compare
With the help one gets from mother
Through her services and prayer.

Now I miss that gentle mother
And her loving warm embrace.
But I never shall forget her
Nor her sweet, unselfish face.
So I often sit at twilight
When the lights are dim and low,
Just to see the memory pictures
As they softly come and go.

WHAT THE M. I. A. MEANS

ITS EARLY AND PRESENT-DAY PROGRAMS CONTAIN PERMANENT AND PRACTICAL VALUE FOR THE YOUTH OF THE REVOLUTIONIZED WORLD*

BY PRESIDENT NEPHI L. MORRIS, OF THE SALT LAKE STAKE

In 1875, President Brigham Young, with the foresight and vision of a great prophet and leader, directed several brethren, who are still well known to us, to organize the young men of the Church into one general organization, with separate societies for each local division. He gave as the keynote for the organizations:

"The mutual improvement of the youth; establishment of individual testimonies of the truth and magnitude of the great latter-day work; the development of the gifts within them; cultivating a knowledge and an application of the eternal principles of the great Science of Life." And a little later the president added this advice: "Let the consideration of these truths and principles (the foregoing) be the ground work and leading idea of every such association; and, on this foundation of faith in God's great latter-day work, let their members build all true knowledge by which they may be useful in the establishment of his kingdom."

After the lapse of a little more than half a century, it is interesting to survey the world of today and see if the program projected by President Young has any value in it for our times. Surely this is a very different world from that in which the M. I. A. had its beginning. In the last fifty years the world has been revolutionized, socially, politically, economically and religiously. The test of the prophet's inspiration may be found in our conclusions. Should the M. I. A. be buried with the old world in which it had its inception, or shall it be retained as a thing of permanent vitality and of practical value in this new and very greatly changed world in which we are living?

I have selected half a dozen or more modern problems which are peculiar to our times. The first of these I shall designate as *unhallowed marriages, or marriages of expediency*.

The New York League of Women Voters recently reported 345,000 girls who were married and mothers at the tender age of fifteen. Their husbands range from sixteen to fifty-two. The causes of these untimely marriages were to evade education and to earn a living. It is the purpose of the league to raise the lawful age of marriage from fourteen to sixteen in New York state.

My second problem is that of *divorce*. The press dispatches of the 23rd of March advised that there had been such a stampede for

*This practical speech was given at a special meeting in the Bishops Building, Salt Lake City, on the early morning of April 3, 1927. The hall was filled with enthusiastic leaders of the Y. M. M. I. A., from all parts of the Church.

divorces in the court at Reno, Nevada, in order to take advantage of the three months' residence requirement of the new law, that forty-eight suits for divorce had been instituted within 48 hours.

The third problem is that one which comes in the form of a serious recommendation from Judge Ben Lindsay, who proposes that a system of "*companionable or trial marriages*" be legalized. And promptly following the flippant proposal, we witnessed the introduction of a bill before the California Legislature proposing its introduction into modern society. Since this idea strikes at the fundamentals of our social, moral and domestic life, I cannot resist asking the proponent of the measure a few simple questions. How soon after the first marriage may one try again? How many times may it be tried by one person? How many members of a family, *i. e.*, how many children are necessary to serve as a deterrent to the recurrent undertaking? How many fathers may a family have? How many mothers? Isn't this going rather farther than the courageous Roosevelt even dreamed, when he used the phrase, "polyglot boarding house," as descriptive of American social conditions? Ben Lindsay would carry his polyglotism over into the sacred precincts of the American home. And, finally, we might ask whose children will they be here in this world, say nothing of the resurrection?

The fourth problem is that which grows out of the too general use of the *automobile*. On March 11, Judge William S. Kenyon, of Des Moines, Iowa, U. S. Court of Appeals, speaking before the "American Homes National Congress" on the subject of parents sending their boys to college with automobiles, said: "Rather than do that I would buy thirty cents worth of powder and blow him up. It would be fairer to the boy." And then making mention of Judge Lindsay's new marriage ideas, the judge pleaded for the old-fashioned mother and the old-fashioned home. Can any amount of pleading bring either or both of them back? They are gone, and, I fear, never to return.

The fifth problem, one that has attracted much painful attention, is the seeming *increase of suicides*, especially among the students of colleges and the young people of our country. Louis Untermeyer, the New York poet and critic, whose son Richard, a Yale student, recently took his own life, was led to make these sorrowful comments on the subject: "Nothing can be done about the older folks. We are too fixed. We cannot be helped. But youth, there is some chance there. And I am arranging my will so as to leave, eventually, whatever I have for an endowment which will carry on that work of education, and strive to establish that point of view." The point of view the poet sought was "faith without religion." And continuing, he said: "We today are almost unfitted for religion in the old sense of the word. We are scientific. The scientific interpretation of the world comes to us with our mother's milk. It cannot be avoided. What we want now in place of religious faith is faith in life itself."

Can it be, I ask? Is not Egypt, Babylon, Greece and Rome the answer? Where are they? The wind has blown them all away.

There are many tendencies in modern life which are suitable subjects for thoughtful concern. Late hours is one of them. 'We older fellows used to take the tip at about ten p. m., and begin to go home. But now-a-days the tip is not even given, or any kind of a suggestion made, until the young people actually go to sleep from sheer exhaustion, in some cases, and the boys are seen going home around two or three o'clock in the morning. What good is such a youth as he faces a hard day's work the next morning? The Coon Chicken Inn, in the "wee sma' hours," after having had a full evening's round of pleasure at the dance or the theatre, is altogether a too frequent occurrence if the health and efficiency, say nothing of the morals, of the youth, are to be regarded. Auto petting parties have their perils to virtue which Judge Kenyon regards as an unfair exposure to which parents put their children by freely supplying the auto. Then we have jazz with all its unspiritual effects; surely it responds to a human element and probably serves an allowable diversion, but it is poor stuff on which to feed the soul. The movies are another tremendous factor in modern life. They are censored only sufficiently to pull in the money just over the border line of impropriety. Some are praiseworthy but many of them are positively lewd, sensuous, extremely passionate and highly immoral. Kisses have been limited, it is true, to thirty reel feet in duration. They take all classes and all ages into the gambling den, the robbers' roost, the hold-ups' rendezvous, the drinking saloon of the outlaw camp, or actually into the debasement of the brothel. They popularize the cigarette and place it in the mouth of both sexes. Smoking has, alas, become almost universal among average Americans, young and old. Hip flasks and the romance of ball room or parlor drinking has almost baffled the advocates of prohibition. Immodesty on the part of women and girls, along with extremes in styles, have made such pictures of our fair daughters and wives that if their grandmothers were to arise from their quiet graves to take one look at their modern daughters, they would fall back into their graves aghast to have their further rest disturbed by the apparent mark of sin upon their descendants. The home has lost much of its hold upon the family. An ever-enlarging community is taking the place of the quiet little home that John Howard Payne made immortal and through which the composer attained immortal fame.

Disregard for law has developed an appalling tendency toward crime in the youth of the land. As a matter of fact, 75 per cent of the criminals of America are under twenty-five years of age, and with striking coincidence, we must observe that more than thirty per cent of the youth of America are entirely without religious training or affiliation. Immorality is certainly on the increase. There is slight

comfort to be found in the candor, freedom, grace, honesty and beauty of the youth of today if we pay the price in virtue:

"Virtue, thou loveliest of all lovely things,
From modesty apart, no more is fair;
And when her graceful veil she flings,
(Like ether opened to the intrusive air,)
Loses her sweetest charms, and stands a cipher there."

I here quote another poet:

"Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself;
Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall."—*Young*.

Youthful precocity, money getting, with little regard as to how, and still less regard for the responsibility of its possession and the good that can come from its proper use; unparalleled distribution of wealth with its baleful effects almost off-setting its blessings; extravagance has sacrificed such substantial things as character and home and family for the mere bauble of superficial show; "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," a condition long since foretold in scripture at last fully arrived, as may be seen on nearly any Sabbath day in Summer by the empty churches and the full bleachers at the ball park, or the crowded movie matinee and evening show; or Sunday schools somewhat deserted for hiking and joy-riding on the highways; old and young hastening to the modern "Vanities" or "Follies," where the chief feature of the show is an unequalled feminine nudity; a class of so-called literature, known as modern fiction, which deals with sex in every conceivable form so that youthful minds are soiled, and strange and unhallowed emotions are prematurely projected into the life to such an extent that the sweet period of innocence is stifled at its most beautiful moment—these are the problems of modern life; these are the perils that beset the youth and threaten the home, the Church, the Government and all society. A new freedom in some lands has re-crucified the Savior and would destroy the foundations of all that is sacred. Nearer than that the agencies of evil are striving to dethrone God and ridicule those who believe. Agnosticism and infidelity are systematically carrying on a persistent propaganda, striving to reach every American school. Do we realize the war that is now waged between good and evil, between light and darkness?

What does M. I. A. mean to us? I will tell you what it means. It serves as the Iron Rod of the Book of Mormon, of which young men and young women may take firm hold and thereby pass these snares and pitfalls and land safely into the life of noble, virtuous, home-loving, family-rearing, God-fearing, frugal, industrious manhood and womanhood. M. I. A. provides a chaste field for the social, spiritual, intellectual and physical activities of the youth. It gives an opportunity for young men to discover their abilities and to display

or exercise them successfully. Self-discovery is a great thing to a young man. I have been told an interesting story by some of my friends, which comes from no less a person than William McAdoo, a member of the cabinet in the Wilson administration. It appears that when the young McAdoo was at college, in Louisville, Ky., he found himself on the debating team and confronted with the question, "Resolve that the 'Mormons' should be denied the franchise." For information on the negative side of the question he was referred to the late President George Q. Cannon, then serving as Congressman. With that fine consideration of youth which is only to be found in a gentleman, President Cannon gave these two students every attention. He supplied the young debators with an ample fund of reliable information and inspired them with the rightfulness of their side of the question. The result was that McAdoo was triumphant in the debate. The success inspired him with an ambition along the lines of his discovered talent and it was the thing that lead him to the study of the law and finally landed him in the Cabinet of the President of the United States during one of the most eventful administrations in our history. Mr. McAdoo attributes his start in life to the kindly assistance rendered him by George Q. Cannon, and the inspiration to achievement which came therefrom. What really happened was that young McAdoo was assisted in discovering himself and inspiration was imparted to develop his talents, which in his case led to success and unusual distinction.

That is exactly what M. I. A. is doing to thousands of our finest young men, as it has done to thousands during the past half-century or more.

The other evening I sat down at a scout banquet and listened to the program, as carried out by a group of young fellows whom I recognized as the boys whom I had seen ten years before brought into the scout troop, just as they were, rough, wild, not even halter-broke, charged with the dynamic forces of will and body characteristic of adolescence. They were haughty, daring, even challenging, and in some there was an element of possible disrespect and disobedience. After Scouting had taken them through the critical period of their lives and led them to M. I. A. and also to the spiritual influence that comes with respectfully holding of Priesthood, they stood erect, polished, strong, possessed of faith in God and in life as God's greatest gift, ready for missions, marriage, and perhaps already under personal consecration to God.

M. I. A. not only gives us such young men but gives them in turn a field for their activities and splendid service. There are thousands of them in this Church. They are the Church's greatest asset and they are the gift of M. I. A. When I think of our superintendent and his associates and those of other stakes, I am impressed to say that no former civilization; yes, no other gospel dispensation ever produced the equal of these M. I. A. men of today. In the way of

broad culture, open-mindedness, honesty, spirituality, ability and dependability; intelligence, courage, religion and a clean and wholesome young manhood, I doubt that their equal has ever before been seen on the earth.

Brigham Young has been proved a prophet, an inspired leader, in the establishment of the Mutual Improvement Associations of this Church. The organization was launched along purposeful lines, with definite objectives, which have been reached by the youth of the Church, and this great movement is still vital and purposeful, possessed of permanent value. It is as great an asset to the Church today as when it was organized in 1875. And, if in 1927 it is of value, why may it not continue to be until 1975, and longer? Thus will its inspiration be vindicated and God be glorified.

That is what M. I. A. means to our stake, as I see it. Thank God for it. And may the blessings of God attend those who have its direction and guidance in their hands.

Look Upward

Out of the darkness and into the light,
Out of life's black pits, and out of the night,—
"Out," says my spirit, "get out in the sun,
Show the drear world that a battle you've won."

Broaden your shoulders and then grit your teeth,
Give a strong pull,—get out from underneath;
Get out and stay out, and then don't look back,
Or sure as you do, you'll miss the right track.

Keep looking upward, take note of the pine,
See all his branches so sturdy and fine;
King of the forest he rightly is named,
This title earned, because upward he aimed.

Our dear, loving Savior gave us the key
That unlocked the door to Eternity;
It's onward and upward, keep to the right,
Live in the warmth of God's glorious light.

Salem, Utah

EMILY BORGESON BROWN

FAITH OF MODERN YOUTH

BY E. EDGAR FULLER, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Do the youth of today have less faith in religion than did the youth of generations past? More efficient transportation and communication, more leisure time, the growth of cities, and a greatly increased average period of school attendance, are only some of the changed conditions which make an answer to this question difficult.

This question is also difficult to answer because religious feelings can never be put into words that will convey exactly the same meaning to another person. But those persons who have traveled most widely among the youth of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints assert that these young people have real faith in their religion. Observations and contacts made in Brigham Young University confirm these statements. One reason the youth of the University have faith in the gospel and reverence for our Church is because of the liberal and broadminded attitude of the Church toward learning. Students are encouraged to investigate everything "praiseworthy or of good report." The great majority of young people of this day are found in the schools. Here they are encouraged to think and to question. It is inevitable that after they have procured a background of text-book information, and have acquired to some extent the habit of thinking, that they will think on religion. Intellectually trained youth can not be prevented from asking questions. We will be fortunate when we are able to have teachers throughout the Church such as we have in Brigham Young University. These men teach all the subjects ordinarily taught in a university, and at the same time correlate scientific knowledge and religion in such a way that religious values are conserved.

With increasing knowledge of religion, comes an ever increasing number of new and unsolved problems. The modern student is taught to maintain a suspended judgment on many important matters. An open mind is kept with anticipation of further work on the subjects. The youth of today has faith that his religious problems will eventually be solved. With this healthy, open-minded attitude, he vigorously and conveniently attacks these problems and gradually solves them, with still more advanced problems ever challenging him on to eternal progress.

B. H. Roberts, of the First Council of Seventy, has fairly represented the attitude of open-minded and progressive youth. Speaking of higher criticism of the Book of Mormon, he says in the *Improvement Era* of June, 1911:

"I am willing to repeat my statement that the Book of Mormon must submit to every test—literary criticism with the rest. Indeed, it must submit to every analysis and examination. It must submit to historical tests, to the tests of archaeological research, and also to the higher criticism.

And, what is more, in the midst of it all, its advocates must carry themselves in a spirit of patience and of courage: and that they will do just as long, of course, as their faith remains true to the book. * * * The book is flung down into the world's mass of literature, and here it is; we proclaim it to be true, and the world has the right to test it to the uttermost in every possible way."

Critical analysis of "Mormon" doctrines does not injure their validity, and the faith of youth is increased by understanding that scientific knowledge only makes "Mormonism" more complete.

The youth of the Church has faith in the gospel, because the doctrines of "Mormonism" are comprehensive and intelligible. We believe that inspiration, for example, was experienced by men who founded our government. God inspires men of every color and creed to do things to advance mankind, by heightening their sensibilities and their comprehension concerning such things.

Brigham Young in his *Discourses*, page 61, has said the following about revelation:

"I have something which you have not, and you have something which I have not; I reveal what I have to you, and you reveal what you have to me. I believe that we are revelators to each other. * * * If * * * Latter-day Saints will * * * follow the Lord Jesus Christ in the regeneration, many of them will * * * know more * * * of the spirit of revelation than they are aware of; but the revelations which I receive are all upon natural principles. I do not believe that there is a single revelation * * * that is perfect in its fulness. The revelations of God contain correct doctrine and principle, so far as they go; but it is impossible for the poor, weak, * * * sinful inhabitants of the earth to receive a revelation from the Almighty in all its perfections. He has to speak to us in a manner to meet the extent of our capacities. * * * "

Again, we find that divine revelation to the Latter-day Saints has violated none of the psychological laws of learning, for we read in the Doctrine and Covenants, 24-27, that revelations are "given to my servants in their weakness * * * after the manner of their language that they might come to an understanding."

Thus we are told that such doctrines are not entirely mysterious, but that persons who study them can come to an increasingly complete understanding of them.

The youth of the "Mormon" Church have faith in its divinity because of the results it has produced. It has been made to function in the lives of individuals. Men and women have been physically, mentally, and spiritually benefited by its teachings. Space does not permit a discussion of vital statistics which show that the Church has functioned in the lives of individuals. Suffice it to say that individuals have lived and are living longer, happier, and more useful lives because of the gospel.

And so a great body of young people have real faith in "Mormonism." It is not a blind and unintelligent faith which proclaims ignorantly, "All is well in Zion." It is the faith which causes men to seek problems in Zion and to cooperate with others in solving them. Eternal progress implies that the insight of individuals will

continue to increase and that these problems will continue to be solved. The hope held for future development gives the youth faith that he will eventually procure insight into religion and life that will entitle him to be, in fact, a God.

Of Latter-day Saint youths, he who has received university training can perhaps most validly and unblushingly testify to the truth of "Mormonism." It is a privilege to assert to the *Era* readers that I have firm faith in the ultimate purposes of a kind and loving Father in heaven. I believe that Jesus the Christ carried a message to mankind as did that martyred prophet of later date, Joseph Smith. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints offers every human being the means of eternal progress. I pray that the youth of our Church have God's Spirit to guide them to a greater understanding of his ways, and that the older generation may procure divine insight into guiding the youth aright in their search for truth.

Provo, Utah.

Death

"Is death the end?"

Ah, no; but let us rather say
It is the dawning of a brighter day
That will extend
Through countless ages of eternity.

"Is death the end?"

Not so. 'Tis but an open door
Through which the spirit passes to explore
New worlds that end
When time and space and being are no more.

"Is death the end?"

'Tis but fulfilling God's decree,
Which sets the immortal spirit free
That it may wend
Its way to heights undreamed by you and me.

"Is death the end?"

'Tis only the eternal way
That God prepares this lowly, mortal clay,
That He may send
Unto each soul a glorious resurrection day.

Spring Lake, Utah

J. RAYMOND HUISH.

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF MORMON

BY J. M. SJODAHL

II.

Cumorah. The plates had been deposited in a pit excavated for that purpose on the west side of the hill Cumorah. A stone slab, the upper surface of which was perfectly smooth, formed the floor of the pit. Around this stone four other slabs had been set on edge in some kind of cement. Another flat stone formed the lid. The tablets rested on stones or pillars of cement. With the plates had been deposited also a sacred instrument known as the Urim and Thummim, two transparent stones set in silver bows and fastened to a breastplate.

Indians buried treasures. It appears that it was not uncommon among Indians anciently to bury valuables in pits somewhat similar to this. All over the Pacific slope of the province of Chiriqui, Panama, there are ancient cemeteries in which objects of stone, clay and metal are found. The graves are either oval or quadrangular in form, ranging from a few feet to eighteen feet in depth. The flat stones which cover the cyst are often ten or fifteen feet below the surface, and are in some cases very heavy, weighing three hundred pounds or more. One may judge the value of the deposits in these pits in Central America from the statement that from one cemetery alone, covering an area of twelve acres, objects worth \$50,000 were collected by the discoverers. Many of these objects were made of gold more or less alloyed with copper.*

Orson Pratt on Cumorah. "The hill Cumorah is situated in Western New York, between the villages of Palmyra and Canandaigua, about four miles from the former. It is celebrated as the ancient depository of the sacred gold plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated. Cumorah was the name by which the hill was designated in the days of the Prophet Moroni, who deposited the plates about 420 years after the birth of Christ. The Prophet Mormon, the father of Moroni, had been entrusted with all the sacred records of his forefathers, engraved on metallic plates. New plates were made by Mormon on which he wrote, from the more ancient books, an abridged history of the nation, incorporating therewith many revelations, prophecies, the gospel, etc. These new plates were given to Moroni, to finish the history, and all the ancient plates Mormon deposited in Cumorah, about 384 years after Christ. When Moroni, about 36 years after, made the deposit of the book entrusted to him, he was, without doubt, inspired to select a department of the hill

*Dr. Wm. H. Holmes, *Ancient Inhabitants of Chiriqui*, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, 1887, pp. 6 and 7.



MONUMENT TO THE THREE WITNESSES OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

Located on the Temple grounds, Salt Lake City, Utah. Unveiled Saturday morning, April 2, 1927, by Miss Josephine Smith, great-granddaughter of Patriarch Hyrum Smith, granddaughter of President Joseph F. Smith, and daughter of Joseph Fielding Smith. The dedicatory prayer was offered by President Heber J. Grant. The oval, bronze plaques of the witnesses are by Avard Fairbanks, a young Utah sculptor. The monument is ten feet, six inches in height. Under the reliefs of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris, the Witnesses, is a full text of their testimony, in bronze. On the east side, opposite, is a large bronze relief of St. John the divine, with quotation John 14:6, 7. The Presidency of the Church and several thousand conference visitors were present at the unveiling. Speeches were made by Presidents Heber J. Grant, A. W. Ivins and Chas. W. Nibley. The choir, Anthony C. Lund, director, sang "An angel from on high."

separate from the great, sacred depository of the numerous volumes hid up by his father. The particular place in the hill, where Moroni secreted the book was revealed by the angel to the Prophet Joseph Smith, to whom the volume was delivered in September, 1827. But the grand depository of all the numerous records of the ancient nations of the western continent was located in another department of the hill, and its contents under the charge of holy angels, until the day should come for them to be transferred to the sacred temple of Zion.

"The hill Cumorah, with the surrounding vicinity, is distinguished as the great battle field on which two powerful nations were concentrated with all their forces, men, women, and children, and fought till hundreds of thousands on both sides were hewn down and left to moulder upon the ground. Both armies were Israelites; both had become awfully corrupt, having apostatized from God. The Nephites, as a nation, became extinct; the Lamanites alone were left. This happened, according to their faithful records, near the close of the Christian era. The American Indians are the remnants of the once powerful nation of Lamanites.

"The hill Cumorah is remarkable also as being the hill on which and around which a still more ancient nation perished, called Jaredites. This unparalleled destruction is recorded in the Book of Ether, and happened about six centuries before Christ. The Jaredites colonized America from the Tower of Babel. After about sixteen centuries, during which they became exceedingly numerous, through their terrible wars they destroyed themselves. The hill Cumorah, by them, was called Ramah. Millions fought against millions, until the hill Ramah and the land round was soaked with blood, and their carcasses were left in countless numbers to moulder back to Mother Earth."— *Millennial Star*, vol. 28, p. 417.

The Breastplate. Oliver Cowdery has conveyed the idea that the breastplate was a warrior's shield,** but the Prophet Joseph tells us that the Urim and Thummim was fastened to it, and was part of it; it could, therefore, hardly have been a portion of a soldier's military equipment.

A detailed description of the breastplate of the High Priest of the Hebrew congregation is found in Ex. 28:15-30. It was a bag, or pocket, made of fine linen and ornamented with embroidery in gold, blue, purple, and scarlet. It was set with twelve precious stones, one for each of the twelve tribes of Israel, and was worn on the breast, fastened to the ephod with gold chains. In this pocket the High Priest carried the Urim and Thummim, when that sacred instrument was not in use.

Urim and Thummim. From the Old Testament we can not gather detailed information concerning this instrument. The words are supposed to mean "lights and perfections." Aaron carried it whenever he appeared before the Lord in behalf of the people. (Ex. 28:30; Levi 8:8.) From the blessing Moses pronounced upon Levi (Deut. 33:9-11), it is evident that it was part of the equipment of one whose special office it was to teach the people "the judgments" and "the

***History of the Church*, vol. 1, p. 12.

law." In the days of Saul, the Urim and Thummim was still in existence, Samuel had, evidently, received revelations from the Lord by means of it, but after the death of that prophet, the Lord refused to answer the questions of the king. (Sam. 28:3-6.) Among the captives who returned from Babylon with Ezra there were several hundred who had lost their genealogical records and were unable to prove their claim to a standing among the people. They were permitted to dwell with the rest but not to enjoy the privileges of the priesthood, "till there stood up a priest with Urim and Thummim," who, we may suppose, could declare the will of the Lord concerning them. (Ezra 2:59-63; Neh. 7:65.) From which it appears that the instrument at this time was lost, but that the prophets of the Lord expected that it would be restored, sometime.

In the Book of Mormon the Urim and Thummim is called the "interpreters." The Lord gave the two stones to the brother of Jared and commanded him to seal them up with his writings. (Ether 3:21-28.) Mosiah had such an instrument. (Omni 20; Mosiah 8:13, 19.) He handed it to Alma (Mos. 28:20), and Alma to Helaman. (Alma 37:20-25.) Finally, Moroni sealed it up with his writings. (Ether 4:5.) From Doc. and Cov. 17:1, we learn that the Urim and Thummim which came into the possession of the Prophet Joseph was the very instrument which God had given to the Brother of Jared upon the mount.

Happiness

'Tis not for gold or fame I long;
The simple things my soul will bless;
My life's a joyous, lilting, song;
I drink the wine of happiness.

A little cottage by the road;
A flick'ring fire light at eve;
The peace and joy in our abode
On earth the fairest, I believe.

The halls of fame may claim the few;
Let me a mother be, and wife;
My husband, girlhood's dreams, come true,
The pal, the comrade of my life.

My baby close against my breast;
A dimpled hand against my face,
The richest jewel by us possessed,
No mine of gold could take his place!

In some far-future day he'll be
A man, fine as his father's fine;
A prince of men, he seems to me.
Oh, joy, that both of them are mine!

Scipio, Utah

NONA H. BROWN

JOSEPH SMITH AND THE GREAT WEST

*What England Learned that America Didn't Learn About
Far Western American Wealth*

BY I. K. RUSSELL, AUTHOR OF "HIDDEN HEROES OF THE ROCKIES"

Away back in the days of the Nauvoo Legion, when it was drilling upon its Nauvoo parade ground, and its commander, Joseph Smith, was urging upon the American president, upon his cabinet members, and upon congress that our government let the "Mormon" people settle the Oregon question by moving over there, with the Nauvoo legion at their head, most Americans laughed at the thought that any such army would be needed.

They had been fooled about the wealth of the Far West and the plans of England to hold, possess and guard this wealth. Stories had been industriously spread from Boston that the Far West was only a sterile wilderness, fit for grizzly bears but not for white men.

In two sections of our continent the people knew better. One of these sections ran along the British pathway from Montreal to the Far West. These people had seen hundreds of thousands of dollars of wealth moving eastward from the Rockies towards London, each year, since 1818.

The other section "in the know" was the American frontier to which beaten and baffled Americans had been coming back from the Far West since 1823, crying for American help. These people had told their tale where Joseph Smith and his people had heard it. And as good Americans they had responded to the realization that out there, out in the Far West, there was both succor and safety for themselves, and a task to do in fulfilling America's destiny.

JOSEPH SMITH AND THE OREGON QUESTION

While most Americans were still thinking lightly of Joseph Smith and the letter he had addressed to all candidates for the Presidency, in 1844, asking them where they stood on the question of America's taking Oregon, there arose in the United States senate an old veteran of the war of 1812. This was General Lewis Cass, a senator from Michigan, and destined in another fifteen years to resign indignantly from President Buchanan's cabinet as its pro-slave leanings carried it to the point of fostering secession, and dispersing Northern arms, as in the Utah expedition, so that the North should be helpless when the break should come.

Now, at the opening of the Twenty-ninth Congress, Senator Cass, who had lived near the Canadian road to Oregon, brought forward a resolution which shows he was well informed on Great Britain's intent to have and to hold our Far Western country. "I

move," he proposed, "that the committees on Military Affairs, the Militia, and Naval Affairs respectively, inquire into the conditions of the National fortifications and their armaments, into the present condition of the militia of the states and militia laws, and into the condition of the naval supplies on hand."

General Cass stated frankly, when asked why he brought in this resolution, that he did it because he expected Great Britain and the United States to go to war over the American Far West. Joseph Smith had, then, at least one believer in the United States senate, as to his proposal that an armed fringe was needed for American occupation, and that he was ready to furnish this armed fringe at the nearest place to the promised theater of operations.

The proposal of General Cass incited the wrath of one who had spent much time berating the American Far West and declaring it was worthless country. Daniel Webster did not want the Far West in the Union, for he saw that two United States senators from each state that might be formed out there would overbalance the senate and destroy the New England leadership.

This leadership had ruled since 1800, imposing heavy tariffs on the South that had brought the profits of Southern cotton up to New England to be exchanged for highly protected manufactured goods. He caught at once the challenge of Lewis Cass, and launched into a speech of denunciation against his proposal. There must be no such war. Oregon was not worth fighting for. Diplomacy could fix a boundary and America would lose little wherever it might be fixed.

Wealth? Why he had looked that up, and from so reliable an authority as the British Board of Trade, he had found that all the wealth reported from Oregon had been beaver worth \$138,000 in the year 1828. Nothing here worth fighting for. Far better, he urged, to keep the United States at its present size, letting in no new territory, either south or west. At present it was a governable country and both North and South had come into a Union to be based on the then prevailing balance of power and interests. This balance must not be overcome by any mushroom expansion into wild far-western lands. Otherwise the Union would fail.

This debate ran through December, 1845, and January, 1846, and some of its notable speeches are recorded in the collected orations of Daniel Webster. One of them declared New Mexico would not sustain 300 American families; so, if it should come in, "there would be two United States senators from 60,000 coarse land holders and miserable peons to the end of our lives and the lives of all our children."

All followers of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young will recognize the issue Cass and Webster fought out as one Joseph Smith broached to the Nation when the buds were opening in the spring of 1844. They will recognize it as the issue that dominated his mind when he was borne down to his death at Carthage jail, when

the flowers were blooming in the Summer of that year, and they will note it as the theme which, when sloganized into the issue of "Fifty-four-forty or fight," elected James K. Polk president of the United States when the leaves were just searing brown over the grave of Joseph Smith in old Nauvoo.

Then nobody could tell clearly what the facts were. But now there are available documents from archives then kept secret, which bring the facts into the light. First of all, England took many times \$138,000 in wealth from our Far West, every year from 1818 on. These secret documents show us now that certain "gentleman sports," who wandered over our Far West in the days of the Cass and Webster debates, were, in fact, officers of the British army and navy. Instead of hunting wild game, they were hunting sites for forts and lines of march for British arms. They even show us that war parleys were held in London to which Peter Skene Ogden had been summoned from the Oregon country because of his ability to tell the war chiefs all about the Far West and its passes and rivers, from the pass just east of Ogden's Hole, Utah, over to the passes through the Blue Mountains into the valley of the Columbia.

A search for the commencement of this British sense that America was going to fight for Oregon, leads us right back to that era in which Daniel Webster was able to find the British profits in Far Western furs amounted only to \$138,000.

And strangely enough, the movements which led to a threat of war between the whites of the Anglo Saxon families started in a grand maneuver to force a peace between white men and red men of the vast Snake River plains.

THE GREAT FAR WESTERN PEACE CONGRESS ON THE BEAR

The story of this first Far Western peace congress belongs in the history of Joseph Smith and his people. With all we know today, for instance, of the Indians the "Mormon" settlers had to deal with, who would think that in 1819 they could gather at Soda Springs, Idaho, in such enormous force that it would require a whole day for a horseman to ride around their camp?

And who would expect that instead of being mere roving marauders, in small bands, these Indians had such a sense of family relationship that tribe after tribe could arrive for this great peace conclave and find a space just large enough for it reserved beside its most closely allied tribe?

In our last installment we traced the building of Fort Nez Perce, on the Columbia, as a sort of Gibraltar of the West, to serve as a British base for the invasion of America's Inland Empire. We traced the expedition of Donald McKenzie from Fort Nez Perce to our Bear Lake and back again with a cavalcade of fur-laden horses a whole mile long,—a hundred horses being laden with rich furs.

We now come to consider the last move of this bold Scot in our

Far West, and the last move of any Britisher in which some Yankee or Virginian was not matching him for domination.

McKenzie, the 312-pound Scot, came back to the waters of Bear River in 1819 for his second expedition. Being a clansman himself, he had no difficulty in coming to terms with Indian chieftains, especially with Pee-eye-em, the Snake chief around whose body McKenzie's waistcoat was fourteen inches too small to permit of its being buttoned up. These two giants, Indian and white, called the Bear River Peace Conclave of 1819. It was a Fall gathering and lasted for a full week. Since it gives us a basic view of the relationship, one to another, of the tribes Brigham Young had to deal with in the era of pioneer settlement, McKenzie's story of this peace conclave, as he told it to his friend, Alexander Ross, is here repeated as being worthy of permanent record:

"In that part of the country where our friends had taken up their winter quarters, the buffalo were very numerous; thousands covered the plains. In this land of profusion the Indians likewise pitched their winter camp. The novelties of the presence of the whites, and the news of peace, soon collected an immense crowd together,—so that before the end of the month there were, according to their statements, ten thousand souls in camp. This immense body covered a space of ground of more than seven miles in length, on both sides of the river; and it was somewhat curious, as well as interesting, to see such an assemblage of rude savages observe such order.

"The Shirry-dikas (Shoshones) at one end, the Bannocks at the other, formed as it were, the suburbs. But in this immense camp, our people were a little surprised to see, on each side of the Shirry-dikas, or main camp, nearly a mile of vacant ground between them and their neighbors, the War-are-ree-kas and Bannocks.

"The mysterious point was soon cleared up; for as the other Indians came in, they encamped by the side of the Shirry-dikas, till at last the whole vacant space was filled up; the same took place among the War-are-ree-kas (Pah-utes of Nevada) and the Bannocks; each clan swelled its own camp; so that every great division was in a manner separate.

"The whole of this assemblage of camps was governed by the voice of two great chiefs, Pee-eye-em and Ama-qui-em, who were brothers and both fine looking, middle-aged men; the former was six feet two inches high, the latter above six feet.

"McKenzie himself, the stoutest of the whites, was a corpulent, heavy man, weighing 312 pounds; yet he was nothing to be compared, either in size or weight, to one of the Indian chiefs.

"As soon as all the natives were assembled together, McKenzie made known his views as to establishing a permanent peace between them and their enemies on the northern frontier. Besides Pee-eye-em and Ama-qui-em, there were fifty-four other dignitaries at the council board. * * *

"All seemed to hail the peace. That great sachem, Pee-eye-em, rose up, and was the first to speak. 'We never go to war with the Nez Perce, or any other tribe in that quarter. These,' said he, pointing to the War-are-ree-kas and the Bannock camps, 'are the people who wage war and plunder the whites when in their power. For us to run after and punish the Bannocks every time they do evil would be endless. It would be just as easy for us to hunt out and kill all the foxes in the country as to hunt out and punish every Bannock that does mischief. They are like the mosquitoes,—not strong, but they can torment.

"The Black Feet and the Piegans (Sioux) are our only enemies. A

peace with them would be more desirable to us than a peace with the Nez Perce."

And thus the speaking went. It is interesting to get a glimpse thus into the inside of the warring mountain Indian's mind as the whites first appeared among them. Those west-of-the-Rockies Indians welcomed the whites in this manner because the east-of-the-Rockies Indians had guns, and the Shoshones had already learned that the bow was a futile weapon against the flintlock. Peace with the whites might bring traders with guns—there was the philosophy of the open hand and the unstrung bow. It was what prepared Utah country for its settlers, and held back the Indian's war club until Brigham Young had well established his people at Salt Lake, Ogden and Logan:

Then, perhaps, many of these same Indians that met with McKenzie, in this great peace conclave of 1819, made their last war stand against "Mormon" settlers, in a final battle, and surrendered to soldiers from Fort Douglas, Utah, in their Bear River winter camp.

Their movements as tribesmen before they had been tamed into Agency Indians, or ruined by white man's whiskey, show a splendid mastery of the technique of life in the wilds. It is worth observing because it was entirely native in origin and genius. A whole week was used up in talking of peace. There were 54 intermountain war chiefs to be consulted and given a hearing. This legislative assembly was so organized that each chief spoke according to his achieved place in the world—his public standing and his war prowess. As the Bannocks lived to be special friends of Utah pioneers, it is interesting to note that they were the weak and minor tribe—most ruthlessly hunted by stronger neighbors, and most in need of white man's aid.

No Bannock chief stood in this great legislative conclave. They were relegated to the camp's outer fringe. Only when the fifty-four chiefs were ready to announce decisions were cringing Bannocks brought in to stand and tremble as these decisions were announced with the fearful authority of Ama-qui-em and the powerful oratory of the bold Amaket-sa.

"The poor Bannocks," records McKenzie, "stood trembling and silent like criminals, but the moment Ama-qui-em sat down they all called out in the Shoshone language, 'Hakana tabeboo, hakana tabeboo, we are friends of the whites.'"

Indian camps, in the wild days, never rested for long in one place, save among those tribes that planted corn and camped through the harvest season. Indians met at given points—struck at some white group and dispersed,—for the small hunting party was the best unit to provision your Indian as your huntsman among the whites.

A whole week of peace talk reduced this Bear River Conclave to a state of tribal restlessness. They now rushed forward with beaver garments which were their own winter coverings, being used as such only by the Desert Indians of Utah and Nevada.

McKenzie was a thrifty Scot for he explains some of those profits, that Daniel Webster later became curious about, in these terms:

"The most indifferent speculator could not help staring as the Indians brought large garments of four and five beaver skins each, and sold them for a knife or an awl; and other articles of fur in proportion.

"It was so with the Columbia River Indians, at first, but they soon learned the mystery of trade to their own interest. * * * Horses were purchased for an axe each; our people might have loaded up a seventy-four gun ship with provisions bought with buttons and rings. It is truly characteristic of Indian trading to see these people dispose of articles of real value so cheaply, at least in the estimation of the whites, while mere trifles in our thought were esteemed highly by them. When any of our people, through mere curiosity, wished to purchase an Indian head dress of feathers, or a necklace of birds' claws, or a little red earth or ochre out of their mystical medicine bags, the price was enormous. But a beaver skin worth five shillings in the English market might have been purchased for a brass finger ring scarcely worth a farthing. They could not conceive what our people wanted with their old garments. 'Have not the whites,' asked a chief one day, 'much better garments than ours?' Axes, knives, ammunition, beads, buttons and rings were the articles most in demand. * * * They had scarcely an article among them to show that they had ever mixed with civilized man, although it is well known that they had of late years occasionally seen the whites.

"Trade was soon over and Ama-qui-em mounted one of his horses and rode 'round the camp, which in itself was almost the work of a day. He now and then made a halt to harrangue the Indians, and tell them to prepare to raise the camp.

"The Shirry-dikas decamped in a body. The Bannocks began to hold up their head and speak after the Shirry-dikas had gone. At the end of a couple of weeks they all went off but not without stealing three of our hunter's best horses and some beaver traps. So much for the peace."

Our staunch Anglo-Saxons considered their Indian friends shabby thieves. They did not know that the Indian had developed no sense of private property and that horse-stealing ranked with match-borrowing and step-ladder-borrowing among the whites. Horse thieves among them were the tribal heroes—he who could filch the best horse, getting the greatest honor. It was the favorite Indian out-door sport and that whites felt mortally insulted at such thefts, and went to war to the death over them, is basically the real reason why Indian life has vanished wherever the Anglo-Saxon has made his stand. The Indian invited you to come and get it back—not slaughter him. Taking your horse was to him proof of a sort of cleverness, as if he were playing a hand at cards and wanted to prove he could do it skillfully.

From this meeting the whites retreated, perhaps to Ogden's Hole—back up in the mountains east of Ogden City. These Scots were canny about revealing geographic knowledge, so we can only guess at their movements. McKenzie left a record of that winter camp, however, that explains much of the success of those Scot trappers. They obtained horses that had trained themselves to dig through deep snow for grass. A camp even with two or three feet of snow above the grass would mean nothing to these mountain "cayuses." They "beat down the crust, scraped away the snow with their fore-feet, and fed

on the dry and withered grass at the bottom. After passing the night in this way, they are saddled, bridled and ridden by the hunters each day. They are hardy and vigorous animals, always in good condition."

It was unfortunate that the Utah pioneers had not learned the trick of utilizing these cayuses from the Grande Ronde and other west-of-the-Rockies valleys, for the tragedy of many a winter story of pioneering begins with the starving of the pioneer's horse because of deep snow. Johnston's army leaders saw their entire horse equipment starve to death in just such a mountain valley on Green River, as McKenzie's horses thrived in a little farther west and thirty-seven years earlier.

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON, GOVERNOR OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

With this peace conclave of 1819, a winter's fur-hunting expedition after it, and another winter's hunt in the season of 1820-21, we bid goodbye to the first of Utah's Scottish wealth hunters, and we see the last of the Northwest Company which he represented. This company was a survival of the old French regime in Canada. The French and Indian war had ended its control of eastern Canada and the Hudson's Bay Company. Its ruined leaders had organized as private merchants of Montreal and had explored a path to our Uintah wealth. Now it had proved there was wealth to be had "out west" and England was no longer willing to see this wealth garnered by Montreal merchants.

It had, much closer to the British court, a company of its own of which its own favorite Prince Rupert was the head. This company was known as "The Company of Gentleman Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay." It proceeded to absorb the Northwest Company, and thus to bring into the Far West a character with whose later conduct both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young had much to do. This new adventurer was Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, with headquarters at Albany Fort, Hudson's Bay, and outposts on every Far Western river of size.

As he took hold, our bold Scot, McKenzie, let go. But it was no shabby load of wealth McKenzie drew with him on his last two excursions homeward from Bear Lake to Fort Nez Perce.

Alexander Ross, who was waiting them at the British Gibraltar of the West, laconically records their enormous success in this manner:

"Various had been the reports brought to us by the Indians as to the fate of our friends in the Snake country, and as the time of their expected arrival drew near, the more anxious, of course, we became. One day a cloud of dust arose in the direction in which they were expected, and by the aid of a spy glass we perceived *from four to five hundred horses, escorted by as many riders, advancing at a slow pace in a line more than two miles in length*, resembling rather a caravan of pilgrims than a trapping party. It was our friends accompanied by a band of Cayuse Indians. Soon after, McKenzie, in his leather jacket, accompanied by two of their chiefs, arrived at the fort. Nothing could exceed the joy manifested by all parties;

and the success attending the expedition surpassed our most sanguine expectations. * * * *They brought in over one hundred fifty horses loaded down with beaver.*"

Ross records that on July 10, 1821, McKenzie returned again from his final trip to the Uintahs, "*with a still larger return of beaver,*" which made the Snake country "the center of all eyes" interested in the fur trade, both in Canada and overseas in London as well.

BRITISH DESCRIPTIONS OF THE FAR WEST

Thus the story started that made it in Joseph Smith's day a question of whether America was to win Oregon without a war. In America this fine story was lost on our American frontier where it was appraised as the "yarns of foolish trappers." But in England where the money returns made the British court rich, it was appraised in a very different manner.

Their magazines printed detailed stories of the American Far West long before America had an aroused interest. These stories, as sent forward by men of McKenzie's party, contained all the details of Indians that had no canoes, although they did a prodigious amount of fishing in the Snake and Bear Rivers, of the Soda Springs that boiled up from the ground, some "so hot that meat could be boiled in them," of sulphur rivers bubbling out of the bases of mountains, of rivers that sprang up from the ground and disappeared again in some other sandy sink, of land that rumbled like the roar of underground streams, of tobacco plants that the Snake Indians claimed was the original tobacco of all the American continent, of iron, copper and coal outcroppings their trappers encountered on the fur trail.

THE LAST DAYS OF MCKENZIE

McKenzie, of course, belongs in Utah's history. His friend, Ross, tells us that "when not asleep, he was always on foot, strolling backwards and forwards, full of plans and projects: so peculiar was this pedestrian habit that he went by the name of Perpetual Motion."

He made his last trip across the Rockies in the summer of 1822, and reported to Sir George Simpson, the new Governor, at York Factory, on Hudson's Bay. He was immediately made chief advisor of Sir George, and second in rank in the Hudson's Bay Company management. For ten years he advised as to British policy this way, for Sir George Simpson had the ear of the British crown and the heads of its army and navy, and twenty years later could bring them to the verge of an American war.

After ten years at York Factory McKenzie did what many who followed him finally did—turned American. He bought a little farm and retired to it at Mayville, near Lake Erie in New York state. He lived there in retirement for many years.

Meanwhile, when England was being so accurately advised, the only American who sensed America's enormous loss in wealth was

John Jacob Astor. He had been driven out of that country in 1813 and just at the time McKenzie became a special British advisor, Astor sent Ramsay Crooks,—the same Ramsay Crooks who had been of the party which first told America of our Bear River and of the South Pass,—to Washington as a lobbyist. Crooks there took up the work of arousing America, which Joseph Smith welded into a National issue between 1840 and 1844.

Alexander Ross was to take up the work of prosecuting the British hunt for Uintah wealth, in 1823, and William H. Ashley of St. Louis was to take up the American search for the same wealth, in this same year of 1823. How these parties met, fought, and stirred political issues, will be the next chapter in the unfolding of our theme. *Chicago, Ill.*

Mother's Call

Come to my warm heart, son o' mine,
Be a child again, on my knee;
'Tis lonely tonight in the shadowy light
With no one to watch with me.

Somewhere out there in the noisy world
You are seeking fortune and fame—
That's fine, my child, but don't be beguiled
From thoughts of the old hearth's flame.

There's a lingering light on the hills tonight
And I hear the children sing;
Oh, I want my lad when the World is glad
With the music of the Spring—

So come to my warm heart, son o' mine,
Come to love's waiting wing.

Raymond, Canada.

FRANK C. STEELE.

The Backward Glance

We heed not our transit through time and space,
As life glides swiftly on;
But the backward glance at the close of day
Will tell how far we've gone.

For distance in life is not told in miles,
Time not measured in years;
But in words and in deeds each must review,
As sunset of life he nears.

In the eve of life, as the shadows fall,
Our backward glance will tell
The distance traversed and the time we've lived
By time spent illy or well.

Our place of starting on life's traveled stage,
Progress in life's next sphere,
And our ultimate goal will all depend
On how we traveled here.

Ogden, Utah

J. S. BINGHAM

A FEW "MORMON" CONTRIBUTIONS

BY L. VALESS DEWEY, M. A.

The common saying that there is nothing new under the sun, has come to be doubted more and more in these days of political progress, social development, industrial expansion, and scientific discovery. As a matter of fact, while the basic principles of truth are and do remain the same, there are, so far as our own conceptions are concerned, at least, many new things being given to the world every year. This has been true in all ages and dispensations of the world's history. But it is particularly true of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries of the Christian era. More than this, there are many beautiful truths and facts which have been given to the world from time to time, either in whole or in part, and then withdrawn for a variety of reasons, only to be given again to another people, tongue, or nation. Such a condition applies especially with regard to truths of religion.

It is the purpose of this article to discuss a few new truths and facts as "Mormonism" has given them to the world. Not that these truths and facts are entirely new to world thought; or even that they were entirely new to world thought in that day in which they were given to the world. For truly there have been hints and "gleams" of these and other basic truths and facts given at sundry times to the inhabitants of the world. Nevertheless, as the writer states them in this article, the "Mormon" contributions herein to be mentioned are in the main new as well as basic in universal thought and action.

THE TRUE FATHERHOOD OF GOD

Through all the ages that man has lived upon the earth, he has been continually trying to find out God. Who is God? What is He? Where does He dwell? What is his relationship to man? These and many other questions have dwelt in the minds of the world's greatest philosophers and theologians in all ages of the history of man. And perhaps as many answers have been given to all these questions. In far-off India, God is thought of as Brahm, the all inclusive. "All is God and God is all," says the benighted Hindu with literal meaning. In far-away China, God is not a universal conception but, at the other extreme of thought, he is entirely localized and shorn of universal creating and sustaining power. "God is here," say the Confucianist pilgrim as he finds at last his localized deity after a prolonged journey. And this deity is as much "here" to the disciple of Confucius as if he were chained to the spot—influence and all. Thus we might go on and review all the religions of the world and still be without any definite notion of God and what he truly is. Even in the Christian world, as we know it today, there is a peculiarly vague conception of what God is like. The teachings of the Bible regarding God's identity are generally distorted. Certainly they are so vaguely con-

strued as to leave the investigator and the seeker after God very unsatisfied if not entirely mystified. Take for example, the prevailing notion about God as we have it from the foremost teachers of Protestant theology. Briefly stated it is somewhat like this: God is a supreme Being not necessarily personal, who is somehow connected with the law of evolution,—a Being suffused in space with a mysterious control of all things both in heaven and on earth. Whether this conception is a superior one to the former conception of God as "without body, parts, and passions" would seem to be a question for debate. At all events, it is very difficult for a thinking person to get a satisfying notion of the Fatherhood of God from either of the foregoing conceptions. Where then shall we turn? And to whom shall we go?

The God of the Bible is a personal God. Jehovah speaks of himself as the "I AM." He is also designated by his prophets as being in the masculine gender. Further, God has a body with parts and passions. He spoke unto Moses as a man would speak to his friend; also he is loving, and is capable of anger, jealousy, etc. Moreover, Jesus Christ was declared to be in the express image and likeness of his father's person. Now, on the foundation thus laid in the Bible, "Mormonism" further declares to the world: (1) That God is the Father of man's spirit in a literal sense; (2) that this Fatherhood of the spirits of all men is as natural as is the fact of fatherhood after the manner of flesh among men on earth.

THE REALITY OF MAN'S BROTHERHOOD

This second thesis follows logically. Yet what a variety of notions as touching man's brotherhood are abroad in the world today! From every quarter of the globe come agnostic arguments. According to some, man is a creature of chance and a product of his environment. To others, he is a result of evolution and, therefore, largely of heredity. To Christians of the Fundamentalist class, he was moulded by God in the beginning—much as a child would make a mud pie—and left to speculate on his relationship to his fellow-being. And those same Christians would say that only those men are brethren who become so as followers of Christ. To Christians of the Modernist class, the probabilities are yet more remote. For in this last conception there is no spirit (bodily counterpart) in man, and no divine Christ. Therefore, a brotherhood can only be a social brotherhood at best. What scant and unsatisfying conceptions are these!

Now let us consider a brief statement of "Mormon" conceptions as touching man's brotherhood. Like Job of old, "Mormonism" declares that there is a spirit (bodily and counterpart) in man, and that the inspiration of the Almighty gives that spirit understanding. Also, man was in the beginning with God—as his spiritual child. Hence, it follows that all men, whether they be good or bad, are children of God and therefore brothers and sisters in God's great family. And, as Paul puts it, they are, if faithful 'heirs of God and joint heirs with

Christ." What breadth of vision is here! Truly all men are here in earth life, not against their will, or as a result of organic evolution, but as children gone away from the heavenly home for a season that they might be added upon. And all with the privilege of returning through Christ, if they choose to do so. Coupled with such understanding comes the greater need for service, that service to Christ and humanity which is brotherhood in action, even the action growing out of ideals expressed by the Savior of the world when he said, "One is your Master (Teacher) even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Thus are we all brethren with Christ, as children of our common Father, the Elohim of the universe.

• REVELATION IN ALL AGES OF THE WORLD

Considering God as a just God and all men as his literal offspring, how is it possible to get away from the conclusion that there ought to be revelation from God in all ages of the world's history? No student of the Bible will deny that the heavenly Father continued to speak to and care for his children in former days through his prophets. And does not this same volume of scripture declare that God will do nothing but "reveal his secrets to his servants the prophets?" Is it possible that man has developed so well and progressed so fast that he has gotten beyond the need of advice or assistance from the heavenly throne? It is true that man has progressed. His has been remarkable advancement! He has learned many things about his body and how better to care for it. He has evolved laws for more efficient use of his mind. He has advanced socially, industrially, and professionally. Why then, in the face of all this advancement and progress, should man be so strangely out of harmony if not, indeed, utterly behind the times in the field of religion?

One thing is certain. The Bible, as we have it today, has not been a sufficient guide. Many have stumbled because of it; and particularly have they stumbled because of corrupted professors thereof. The one remedy for the world's ills is more revelation from heaven. More revelation and hence more prophets, with divine priesthood, scripture, and guidance. For the New Testament Church, as Christ established it on the day of Pentecost, was gradually corrupted until its prophets were killed and its power to officiate in the name of heaven was lost. Hence, then, is the declaration of "Mormonism:" (1) God needed to speak and did speak from heaven in this age of the world; (2) the gospel of Christ has been restored in its fulness,—that is, sufficient to meet all the needs and requirements of the past and present to date; (3) there will yet be more revelation from heaven, for there are other ages to come and more needs will arise.

THE ETERNAL PROGRESS OF MAN

No thinking person will argue that either space or time is limited in extent, except in so far as man or God chooses to limit that extent.

Scientific study has demonstrated also that this same idea holds with respect to matter and energy. Why then should there be a limit to existence in the sense of life, except as man or God should limit the various forms or spheres of that life? To what purpose do men argue for a beginning or an end in the sum total of existence? Indeed, if the philosopher were to find (if that were possible) that there was a beginning to existence, he would be disappointed; for the very fact of beginning would mean necessarily an end. Granted, then, the fact of eternal existence, why should not progress be coeternal with that existence?

Now, "Mormonism" asserts that coeternal with space, time, matter, and energy is life and intelligence;—intelligence in the sense of identity, ego, selfhood. Indeed, the doctrine known as "Mormonism" boldly declares that the intelligence of man existed coeternally with the intelligence of God himself. In a single sentence, "Mormonism" would say that eternal progress is based on the fact of intelligences, spirits (enlarged intelligences), and spirits in mortal and immortal tabernacles (intelligences and spirits added upon) giving themselves into the supervision, care, and nurture of our heavenly Father.

But let us elaborate somewhat the foregoing statement. The first or spirit estate of man's progress, dating from the time that the primeval intelligence of man gave itself into the care of the heavenly Father and received a spiritual body from him, was none other than that pre-mortal life hinted at in God's questioning of Job. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? * * * When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" There in that pre-existent life of the spirit, man attained his first development; there he advanced to a stage of accomplishment when it became necessary for him to come to an earth and take a body of flesh and blood, if he would continue his progress.

Then came the earth life of man, in the which recollections of his previous life in the spirit were taken from him in order that he might walk by faith. Here it was designed that man should battle with the problems of a mortal existence; and by virtue of his free agency, together with inspiration from above, the way was left open, through the heaven-laid plan of Christ's atonement, for man to surmount mortal temptations and win his way to immortality.

First, however, there must come a change known to mortals as death. This change, according to "Mormon" teaching, is but a separation of the spirit from the body at which the spirit goes to a place prepared, a place of departed spirits probably here on earth. It is of this spirit world that Jesus spoke when he said to the thief on the cross, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." To this spirit world the Christ, quickened in spirit, went to preach; and here the thief, also quickened in spirit, went to be preached unto. Here also the spirits of all men go after their sojourn in the flesh, taking with them their righteousness and their filth of mind (if there be filth).

For recollections of earth life will be needed to assist them in making further advancement if they choose to avail themselves of it. To this end it is written: "For this cause was the gospel preached (and will continue to be preached) to them that are dead; that they might be judged according to men in the flesh but live according to God in the spirit."

Finally, the resurrection of the body marks the beginning of the last but never-ending estate of man's progress and glory. In God's own due time, the spirit of man is reunited in resurrection with its earthly tabernacle, and becomes an immortal being. This immortal being is the completed soul of man, possessed of flesh, bone and spirit. Completed in the sense of inseparable unity. But the "race which runs up through the worlds" has only begun in the sense of accomplishment. "As man is God once was," said a prophet of "Mormonism." And to that he added, "As God is man may become." Who then can measure or even imagine the heights to which immortal man's future accomplishments may reach? "Be ye perfect," admonished the Savior of the world, "even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." And again, "The Son can do nothing but what he seeth the Father do; and whatsoever He (the Father) doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise." Who can conceive of a greater destiny for man? The Son of God has asked that man shall follow in his footsteps. And he (the Christ) is the while following in the footsteps of the heavenly Father, the great ideal of the universe. How wonderful it is to have part in eternal progress and never-ending accomplishment!

And all these are but a few contributions of what the world calls "Mormonism."

Tucson, Arizona.

The Two Suns

One night I saw the sun go down,
 Enshrouded in a robe of red,
 And streams of gold its shining crown
 On blushing earth in splendor shed.
 The crimson clouds did dance in glee
 Around its great and fiery flame,
 (No richer scene could mortals see),
 It sank to rest, and darkness came.

One day a greater Son went down!
 His light was truth—not beams just spread,—
 And on His brow a thorny crown,
 His blood, His precious life blood shed.
 The earth did shake at God's command
 For miles around this Lord divine.
 He rose from death, and on all land
 His holy light doth brighter shine.

Logan, Utah.

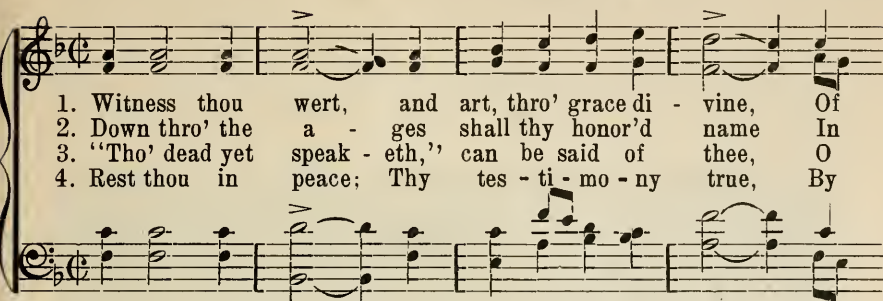
LEROY J. LEISHMAN

MEMORIAL HYMN

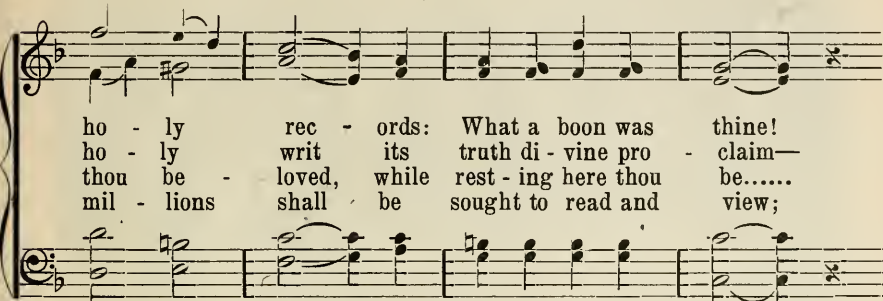
To the memory of Martin Harris

Met. ♩-60.

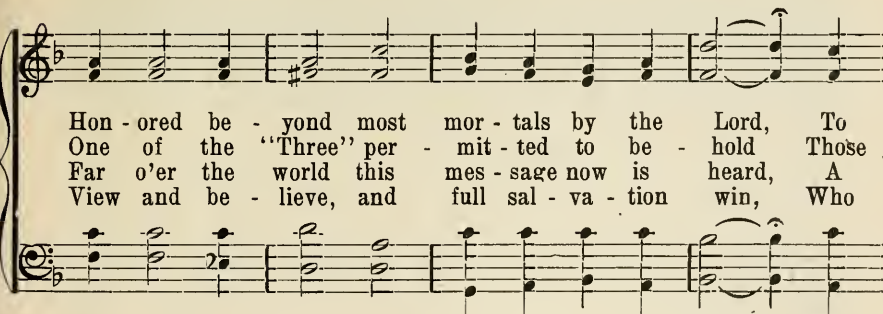
Words and Music by EVAN STEPHENS.



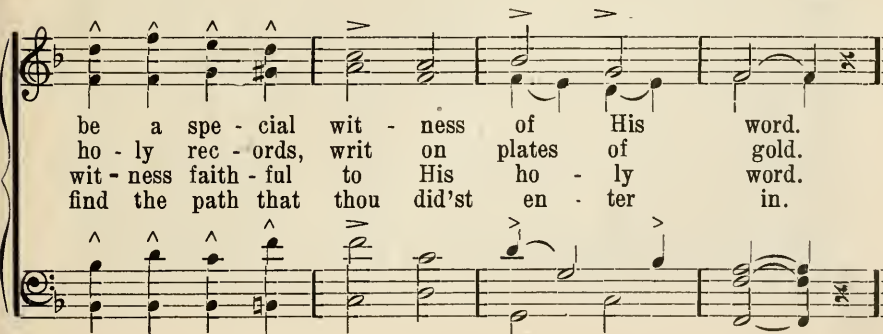
1. Witness thou wert, and art, thro' grace di - vine, Of
 2. Down thro' the a - ges shall thy honor'd name In
 3. "Tho' dead yet speak - eth," can be said of thee, O
 4. Rest thou in peace; Thy tes - ti - mo - ny true, By



ho - ly rec - ords: What a boon was thine!
 ho - ly writ its truth di - vine pro - claim—
 thou be - loved, while rest - ing here thou be.....
 mil - lions shall be sought to read and view;



Hon - ored be - yond most mor - tals by the Lord, To
 One of the "Three," per - mit - ted to be - hold Those
 Far o'er the world this mes - sage now is heard, A
 View and be - lieve, and full sal - va - tion win, Who



be a spe - cial wit - ness of His word.
 ho - ly rec - ords, writ on plates of gold.
 wit - ness faith - ful to His ho - ly word.
 find the path that thou did'st en - ter in.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

A Worthy Group of Workers

This picture represents a group of missionaries in the Missouri district. They are desirous of extending their greetings to the world through the columns of the *Improvement Era*. They are a worthy group of workers. The picture includes the mission president, the secretary, the district president and others, as follow:



Front row, left to right: W. E. Wagstaff, office; W. C. Huish; E. K. Hanka; J. B. Summerhays, district president; S. O. Bennion, mission president; W. J. Gough; D. G. Lyman, mission secretary; U. Wilkins. Second row: Florence Miller, Afton Cook, Edith Willoughby, Olive Nash, Vivian Housekeeper, Thelma Henderson, Erma Grange, Bernice Young; Gladys Fellows, Mission stenographer; Margaret Vine, mission bookkeeper; Asenath Smith, Independence district. Third row: R. B. Ladle, F. J. Hussey, C. D. Williams, Ivan Squire, W. G. Sharp, L. I. Dillman, G. H. Kleinman, E. D. Miner; Hugo Witt, local. Fourth row: A. J. Vernon; C. Harris, local; M. J. Bennett, I. D. Payne, J. A. Ellett, F. M. DeWitt; S. Harris, Eastern States mission.

Year of 1927 Promising for Netherland Mission

Elder G. Doezie, assistant editor *De Ster*, reports that the year 1927 commenced with bright promise for the Netherlands mission. The many worthy undertakings instituted in 1926 are continuing under renewed effort with encouraging results. Principal among these is the missionary school, established for the benefit of incoming elders. Since last June every new elder has had the opportunity of spending at least thirty days in this school, under competent teachers, and the results have been pleasing, both to the individual elder and to the mission in general. The morning hours are devoted to a study of the language and the gospel, and the afternoon is spent initiating these young men in the proper manner of tracting and spreading Church literature. Another feature of last year's accomplishments was the establishment of regular work in the rural districts, where the elders traveled without purse, relying entirely upon the Lord. Some of the local Saints also participated in this work, with good results. "As if to spur us on to continue with greater effort the good work of last year," writes Elder Doezie, "this year, 1927, commenced with one of the best conferences ever held in this mission." The conference was held in Rotterdam on January 23,

under the direction of Mission President John P. Lillywhite, and lasted four days. About sixty elders were present, and a wonderful spirit prevailed. At the Sunday evening meeting 650 persons were in attendance. The music was furnished by the choirs of the Hague and Rotterdam branches. Already this year, thirty-seven baptisms have been performed; eighteen in January, nineteen in February. Permission also has finally been obtained from the mayor and council of Rotterdam to hold street meetings; their privilege being to hold such meetings four times a week in two different places, making a total of eight weekly open-air meetings. The first of these was held on January 25, with an audience of more than 150 persons, among whom 200 tracts were distributed. These open-air meetings are now held regularly with encouraging success. "The elders all express their gratitude for the *Improvement Era*; its good cannot be estimated."



ELDERS OF ROTTERDAM CONFERENCE

Back row, left to right: H. J. Noorda, J. Hoekstra, M. Stam, J. Nakken, M. L. Peterson, J. D. Lillywhite, A. Holm, T. Sipkema, A. G. Winkel, G. E. Hill. Middle row: M. Webb, T. B. Harmsen, C. P. Mietus, V. T. Holland, R. A. Matson, J. V. McGrath, R. G. Smith, J. H. Vanderberg, G. V. Ricks, F. E. Mitchell, R. K. Cromar. Sitting: G. Doezie, ass't editor "De Ster"; I. Z. Ward; A. de Bruyn; John Vanderwerff, outgoing president Rotterdam conference; Mission President John P. Lillywhite; Joel P. Lillywhite; Sister Lillian D. Lillywhite, president mission Relief Societies; W. G. Rose, incoming president Rotterdam conference; B. A. Weight, mission secretary; O. Van Orden.

Annual Convention in South Africa

At the close of 1926 and the beginning of 1927, a general convention was held in the South African mission, at which all the traveling elders in that mission were in attendance. It was an event long to be remembered. It has been the practice for many years to call the elders to "Cumorah," the mission headquarters, for an annual convention, in which are discussed all the various phases of missionary work. Each day's work was planned at least one month ahead, so that the conference presidents had time to prepare their local brethren to carry on the branch work while they were absent.

Mission President Samuel Martin directed the activities of the convention, and some very interesting and instructive papers were presented by the missionaries and afterwards discussed in general. Several inspiring Priesthood meetings were also held, and valuable instruction given the missionaries, who dispersed for their various fields of labor on January 4.—*Samuel Martin*, president South African mission.



MISSIONARIES OF SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION

Front row, left to right: Charles W. Larson, Centerville; Theodore R. Martin, Frank A. Martin, Alfred James Martin, Ogden; Sheldon R. Free, Salt Lake City. Second row: Paul A. Thorn, Springville, president Transvaal conference; H. Lorden Baker, Salt Lake City, president Bloemfontein conference; Leo R. Jenson, Salt Lake City, mission secretary; Mission President Samuel Martin, Clara A. Martin, Ogden; Kenneth C. Woodruff, Salt Lake City, president Cape conference; Grant H. Mortensen, Riverton, president Port Elizabeth conference. Third row: C. Alden Gray, Provo, Utah; Foyal L. Smith, Cardston, Alberta, Canada; William B. Holland, Rigby; Oral N. Beckstead, Preston, Idaho; Robert E. Madsen, Marion L. Allred, Ephraim, Utah, president Natal conference; Clarence L. Rockwood, Salt Lake City. Fourth row: William Earl Hutchings, Springville; LeRoy H. Duncan, Centerville; Noel G. Knight, Lehi, Utah, president Kimberley conference; H. Lowell Crane, Pocatello, Idaho, president East London conference; Keith P. Heiner, Salt Lake City; Wells L. Evans, Woods Cross; Reed H. Beckstead, Sandy, Utah.

The Indians Hold Conference

The Papago ward, Maricopa stake, Arizona, held conference in their ward chapel on February 20. This ward is composed of Indian Saints, who came from far and near, by auto, truck, and various vehicles drawn by Indian ponies, to attend the conference. The Indian boys wore scout uniforms, and the girls were clad in appropriate black shoes, hose and dresses, with red sweaters. Bobbed hair prevailed, although some heads were still adorned with

long, black, glossy tresses. Lip stick and rouge were also visible, though not so lavishly applied as among their pale-faced sisters. The music was furnished by a choir of thirty-four boys and girls, with Sister Valenzuela at the piano. Such songs, as "Oh ye mountains high," "If the way be full of trial," etc., were rendered. Elder Domingo Bautisto offered the invocation. Bernice Frank gave a report of the Indian school, stating that at Fast meeting the previous Sunday almost all the boys and girls fasted, and bore their testimonies. The theological department of the school is under the supervision of the California mission, and is in splendid condition. A mixed quartet sang, "Jesus, lover of my soul." For the benefit of those who could not speak English, Bishop Tiffany bore a spirited testimony in the Pima tongue. Each of the stake presidency spoke, and their discourses were interpreted. Elder Santeo, the interpreter, speaks four languages fluently. Sister Woods was introduced as supervisor of Lamanite genealogical work. Loreta Lune, a young Indian girl, pronounced the benediction. After the conference, which lasted three and a half hours, the good bishop and his wife, assisted by fourteen girls, served refreshments of sandwiches, chocolate and cake to about 230 hungry people. This Indian ward for the last twelve years has shown 100% in ward teaching; 40% attendance at Sacrament meetings; Priesthood meetings, 45%; Primary, 98%; Religion Class, 99%; and at the Phoenix Indian school, which is a part of the Papago ward, they have had 98% attendance at Sunday school. Where is there another ward in the entire Church that can equal this record?—Annie Woods, Mesa, Arizona, Maricopa Stake.

Twenty-five Baptisms in Scotland

Elder Archibald J. Anderson, clerk of the Scottish conference, says conditions are improving in that district. In the open-air meetings they are receiving much fair play. "During the past year we administered the ordinance of baptism to twenty-five candidates."



ELDERS OF SCOTTISH CONFERENCE

Standing, left to right: Percy F. Hill, Bountiful; Ray R. Murdock, Beaver; Carl W. Buchanan, Robert K. Whyte. Sitting: J. Ross Smith, Salt Lake City; Archibald J. Anderson, conference clerk, Fairview; William Cooke, conference president; George W. Romney, Salt Lake City.

Editors' Table

The Ninety-Seventh Annual Conference

The Annual Conference of the Church lasted four days, beginning Sunday, April 3. They were four days of enlivening, faith-promoting testimony and instruction. Great numbers of people gathered in the Tabernacle and at the overflow meetings. The first day was rainy, but the days following were very pleasant.

The leading theme of the conference was testimony. In his very effective opening address, President Heber J. Grant called attention to the growth of the Church in all parts of the earth. A favorable change has taken place in the British Isles. As a rule, now, there is little or no trouble to get friendly publicity in the various papers for Church activities. This is true also in the United States, as well as in other places. Elder James E. Talmage is getting advantageous notices in the European papers, and the press of Great Britain appears to be unprejudiced at the present time.

President Grant called attention to tributes paid to the Latter-day Saints by a number of leading men of the nation, who have recognized in the Latter-day Saints a people of character, honesty and stability. Thousands of our people can testify that God has seen fit to answer earnest prayers and has given to them, as promised by Moroni, a testimony regarding the divine origin of the Book of Mormon. He testified to the world that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is indeed the Church of God; and also that there are thousands and tens of thousands who have been given this knowledge as certainly and as perfectly as he has received it. We have a great converted ministry in the Church, who can confidently and with knowledge in their hearts declare in very deed that this is the Church of God, and there are thousands and tens of thousands of members who possess this knowledge, and are convinced of the divinity of the work in which we as Latter-day Saints are engaged. Our religion has never been popular, and nothing short of an absolute conversion in the hearts of men and women will lead them to embrace the gospel of Jesus Christ; but thousands everywhere have been convicted of sin and the judgment to come, and wherever that conviction has come into their minds, they have gone down into the waters of baptism and have received a remission of their sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. The people lead clean lives. One of the laws of the gospel is that each and every Latter-day Saint shall observe what is known as the Word of Wisdom—shall abstain from tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor. Thousands comply with these instructions to the great benefit of their health and spiritual welfare. He gave a number of striking illustrations, and related faith-

promoting stories illustrating the points. He also testified to the power of healing in the Church, to the gift of tongues and prophecy, and illustrated his statements by relating striking incidents that had come under his personal observation. He asked that God might help every soul within the sound of his voice, who has a testimony of the divinity of the gospel of Jesus Christ, so to live that other men, seeing their devotion, integrity, and determination, may be inspired to investigate the message that we have to bear to them.

President Anthony W. Ivins and President Charles W. Nibley followed with effective speeches on the duties of the Saints and the signs of the times, and full of the spirit of testimony concerning the faith and works of the Latter-day Saints and thankfulness for the goodness of God to his people.

Up to the closing meeting, on Wednesday, April 6, forty-two other leading brethren had given instructions and borne their testimonies to the large congregations that attended each day during the conference. The number who heard was greatly increased by gatherings in all parts of the state and surrounding country, served by the radio.

In his closing address President Heber J. Grant announced that there are now ninety-six stakes in the Church, and it has been decided to establish another stake by dividing Jordan, making ninety-seven; also to divide the Los Angeles stake, and to organize a new stake in the California Mission to embrace Oakland, San Francisco and vicinity, making ninety-nine stakes of Zion, a little more than five times as many as in 1882, when President Grant was chosen one of the apostles. Zion is growing in power, strength and testimony. In speaking of the division of the Los Angeles stake, President Grant said that he had a telegram from Leo J. Muir, chairman of the Tabernacle Finance Committee, and it has been decided to erect a tabernacle to be utilized by both stakes, after the new stake is organized. One hundred twenty-five thousand dollars have already been pledged for the Los Angeles stake tabernacle. The Church will match this \$125,000, pledged locally, so that in Southern California there will be quite a fine building as a further evidence of the growth of the Church.

President Grant stated that ours is an American Church, born in the land of freedom, in fulfilment of prophecy. We believe and teach, and have done so from the early times, that God has protected and fought on the side of America in all of the struggles we have had for liberty. The Lord was with Washington and his armies. We sustain and uphold the president of the United States and the officers of this great country. We rejoice in the wonderful response that has been made upon all occasions by the Latter-day Saints to calls for money, and men to fight the battles of our country, and in all things to sustain and uphold it. He called attention to the fact that as a people we have one supreme thing to do, and that is to call upon the world to repent of sin and to come to God, and it is our duty, above

all others, to proclaim the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, the restoration again to the earth of the plan of life and salvation, the pearl of great price, worth more than all the wealth of the world. He called attention to the fact that appeals are coming from all parts of the earth for more missionaries, and the best way to show our love for our neighbor is to go and proclaim to all the world the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, of the divinity of which the Lord has kindly given us an accurate and abiding knowledge. He asked the Lord to bless and multiply the substance of the Latter-day Saints, and urged the Saints to be willing to cooperate for the advancement of the Church and our glorious country.—A.

Safe Direction

Referring to "responsibility for conduct," the *Era* recently spoke of "a complex, whatever that may be."

A complex, it is explained by a friend, is caused by a repression of desire. Years ago it was understood that when a person did anything that he knew to be wrong, he became subject to serious trouble, which would end in disaster. People, therefore, held to tested standards, to self-denial, and to the experience and counsel of parents. They exercised self-control to conform to those standards.

Recent philosophy of Freud and others is interpreted by many to teach that if one has a great desire to do an act, and represses that desire, even if he knows it to be wrong, he develops a complex, which may lead him to express himself in shameful self-indulgence, gratify his desires, let himself go, live his own life more or less regardless of the lives of all others, without regard for old forms or standards, with no resolute self-control, and giving expression and action to every impulse, though it point to trouble for everybody concerned. In this way one gets thrill out of life, which means stimulation. Hence the youth, justifying an evasion of complexes, seek for stimulation and adventure, and are so frank about their demands for thrills and so determined that they will not tolerate a complex, that they become shocking, unconventional, so much so that at times they almost frighten their parents.

However, thrill may be felt in doing both things that are good and things that are bad, it is a matter of choosing between good and evil, and of who is to say what is good and what is evil; whether one shall choose evil and try it, rather than take the advice and tested experience of people who have passed before, is the question.

We shall always have good and evil in our midst, "for it needs must be that there is an opposition in all things," as the Book of Mormon tells us, "else righteousness could not be brought to pass; neither wickedness; neither holiness nor misery; neither good nor bad."

It is incumbent upon one who is endowed with reason, and who

can, therefore, exercise judgment and free agency, to choose between good and evil, and get his thrills by self-expression on higher levels, rather than in wayward and lawless channels. It must be remembered, too, that punishment is annexed to and inflicted with every choice and self-expression of evil. Happiness is affixed to every selection and self-expression of that which is good. Indulging in evil is dangerous, while self-denial is sure to help men to attain some semblance of the Divine.

There is an abundance of opportunity for self-expression and thrills in the paths of righteousness and good. The Lord has given us freedom to choose and to act for ourselves. Good and evil are in the world and people are bound to direct their energies into one or the other of these.

The best plan for avoiding complexes is the divine plan—the directing of energy into right channels. This requires self-denial and self-judgment, but the energy threatening a complex will in that way be turned to good activity. The complex will be avoided and there will come a thrill in doing good.

The direction of parents, of gospel standards, and of the divine nature should be recognized and followed, that a wise choice may be made, even though it requires a little self-denial of the individual. By this policy the person may find full expression for all his powers in ways that are good, and, under divine guidance, avoid dejection and unhappy complexes. He may be directed to good works in which he may find abundant and free outlet for all his desires, without being vexed with repression.—A.

Statistics—President Heber J. Grant announced, at the opening of the Ninety-seventh Annual Conference of the Church, the following statistics, which are worthy of careful study:

Church Growth—Children blessed and entered on the records of the Church in the stakes and missions, 19,701.

Children baptized in the stakes and missions, 15,024.

Converts baptized and entered on the records of the stakes and missions, 6,663.

There are now 96 stakes of Zion, 915 wards, 77 independent branches connected with the stakes, and 27 missions and 734 branches in the missions.

Social Statistics—Birth rate, 31 per thousand.

Marriage rate, 13.9 per thousand.

Death rate, 7.7 per thousand.

Families owning their own homes, 72 per cent.

Persons recommended to the temple, 58,958, or 6 per cent more than in 1925.

Missionaries from Zion December 31, 1926 2,188

Local missionaries 72

2,260

Engaged in missionary work in stakes 1,140

Total 3,400

Priesthood Quorums

All matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood, presented under this heading, are prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

Social and Fraternal Activities by Quorums

Topic discussed by W. W. Malmstrom, Supervisor, West Jordan Ward, Jordan Stake, at Bishops' Meeting, General Conference, April 5, 1927

I have been asked to report on the social and fraternal activities of the Quorum.

We must first consider the individual with whom we are dealing. In the quorums of the Lesser Priesthood are boys from twelve to twenty years of age. These boys have just entered, or have completed, the age of puberty. The boy of this age is very susceptible to motor-activity. He likes to do things full of action. For this reason, he is impressed with anything requiring action. He is very fond of fishing, hunting, swimming, skating, and other activities that require action. He is also very religiously inclined. At no time during his life will there be greater religious instincts than those he now experiences.

It seems to me that these two points are very fundamental in the direction of our boys. First, give them certain activities that will develop their bodies and that their bodies are craving. We will thus get the boy's good-will and will get him in a proper frame of mind to receive the gospel. Second, we should take advantage of the natural religious inclination. The boy should be given definite duties to perform in a definite way. Is it possible for Deacons to enjoy passing the Sacrament or gathering fast offerings? That depends upon their attitudes. Is it a game? Why can't this be as much a game as anything else? It can be systematized so that each boy knows just what he is to do, and it becomes a very desirable task. Our Deacons have enjoyed these duties and have been happy in doing any work which the bishopric had for them to do.

Our ordained Teachers are responsible for the ward teaching. Each Teacher has an older brother as a companion. At report meeting, the lesson for the next visit is outlined by the group. Suggestive lessons for each month have been prepared by the ward teachers' committee of the High Council. Then these suggested lessons are outlined by the teachers. For the first time in the history of our ward we have had 100% in ward teaching. The people are delighted with the system.

This splendid attitude on the part of the boys has been produced by appealing to their desire for motor-activity.

The first experience was brought about through the boys taking a trip. They were all enthusiastic. If the ward would provide such an outing, what would the Deacons do? Should we decide upon some plan to make a member eligible for an outing, and what should the restrictions be? The boys decided upon them. Attendance of 100% was required at Sunday School; 100% was first suggested for attendance at Sacrament meetings, but there was some opposition to this, for it was felt that they should have one Sunday afternoon off if they wished it, so attendance of three Sundays a month was finally required; 100% at quorum meetings; and the gathering of fast offerings. This completed the requirements. Since then, the Word

of Wisdom has been added. The boys appointed two of their members to give credit for work done. Thirty out of thirty-six were reported eligible. We met at the ward house at daylight. The bishop was the first one there. Thirty eligible boys were present, as well as two who were not eligible. These two begged so hard and promised so faithfully that Bishop Leak consented to let them go. We had four touring cars and one truck, and more were available.

We drove to Provo Canyon and stayed for breakfast. After breakfast, we went up to Midway, where we had a wonderful swim in the Hotpots. We visited Heber City and had dinner. We then visited Kamas and Park City and had a fine ride down Parley's Canyon.

A swimming party to Beck's Hot Springs, a visit to the Church Office Building and to the Presiding Bishop's Office, a picture show, and light lunch was another party.

The next trip was one to Timpanogos, with a swim on the way home.

These are samples of summer and winter trips. We have a very good fraternal spirit, help people in need, visit the sick, and labor with delinquent members. We are always at the service of the bishopric. Our boys are thoroughly converted that we have the best bishopric in the Church.

What we must get is the proper vision of our work. I read an article as follows: An artist was sitting in his studio, his eyes fixed in steadfast gaze upon a vision which was rising before him. It was a form of rare beauty, one so wonderful in its loveliness as to transport his whole attention. His soul thrilled with ecstasy as he continued to gaze upon it, and there came upon him a desire to make it live forever; and, while his fingers were yet trembling under his inspiration, he began to mould. He moulded firmly, tenderly, day after day. When the clay hardened, he moistened it, and moulded again. Day by day there grew from his hands a form so beautiful that the world heard the fame of it and came and looked upon it, and said, "Well done."

I believe that we can have a vision of our work and the wonderful opportunities that are ours; and, if we have that vision, we will work more faithfully and more diligently than we ever have done before.

Field Notes

Good Attendance at Aaronic Priesthood Meetings, Alberta Stake

President Edward J. Wood, Alberta stake, reports as follows:

"One reason for our good attendance at Lesser Priesthood meetings in the various wards, we think, can be traced to the good feeling the boys receive through their June visits to our Temple to do baptismal proxy work for the dead. We have had these excursions from all of the wards at various times during the month, taking so many girls and so many boys, and holding a special meeting with them in our prayer circle room.

"A short prayer service is held. If there are any sick or afflicted in the wards where the boys or girls come from, we make special mention of this in the prayer while kneeling in the circle. If any of the boys or girls present feel the need of a special blessing, we administer to them from the circle. We have a few testimonies by the young people and some of the attendants, and then go into the baptism for the baptismal work. We ask the boys and girls, while in the prayer room, to pledge themselves to more faithful observance of the requirements of the gospel, according to the position and Priesthood they hold, asking them specially to keep the Word of Wisdom, pay their tithes and offerings, even as young people, and attend their Sacramental and Priesthood meetings.

"We find that where boys and girls take part in this activity the bishops

report an increased and more regular attendance, not only among the young people but also on the part of the older people."

Encouraging Thrift Among Aaronic Priesthood Members

Elder Adolph M. Reeder of the Corinne ward bishopric, Box Elder stake, reports that he is trying to persuade the Deacons' quorum members to build up individual savings or building society accounts. In this connection he calls attention to the fact that this practice will develop in these young men greater self-reliance and responsibility.

Aaronic Priesthood Day—On May 15, 1927, it is ninety-eight years since Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were ordained under the hands of John the Baptist to the Aaronic Priesthood. The First Presidency of the Church have ordered that this anniversary shall be suitably commemorated in all the wards and branches of the Church, at the Sacramental meetings on that day, by an appropriate program to be given by members of the Aaronic Priesthood. A form of the program may be obtained from the Presiding Bishop's office.

Thirty Baptisms in North Texas Conference

During the year 1926 the missionary work of the conference proved more successful than in any preceding year. Out of thirty baptisms that we have performed, twenty-six of these were converts, the others being children of members of the Church. We feel that during 1927 we shall accomplish more even than in the past year. Many investigators have already expressed their desires for baptism. We have obtained permission to conduct street services in several of the cities which before were closed to us for this work. We have met very little opposition, though considerable indifference still exists. We have nine missionaries in the conference, and are privileged in many homes to hold cottage meetings, for which we feel that we are greatly blessed. The *Improvement Era* is of much value to our work.—*J. Reed Lance*, conference president North Texas.



MISSIONARIES NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE

Standing, left to right: Eliza Stark, East Texas conference; Charles H. Willis, released; Orval F. Jeffery; Edith Summers; Casper W. Merrill, president East Texas conference; Ardella Laird; Horace B. Rawlings; Arthur C. Dye; Kirtland G. Woolley; Blaine W. Johnson. Sitting: Sister Bennion; S. O. Bennion, mission president; J. Reed Lance, conference president; Ethel Smith, East Texas conference; Ezra T. Hatch

Mutual Work

What To Do In May

Make every effort to continue successfully the class work.

Make provision for holding the attendance by variation in the program, by snappy, active and attractive activities.

Make preparation for M. I. A. Day. This day is intended to provide the opportunity of exhibiting your activity program, displaying your accomplishments, honoring the contest winners, etc., and also to provide a day for play. Its purpose is to bring before the general public the strength of the M. I. A. and give opportunity for an exhibition of the story of your general program. The instructions in the *Year-round Recreation Program and Contests* are that the morning be devoted to literary and musical activities, contests, pageants, or historical drama; with a noon luncheon consisting of an old-time picnic; the afternoon to be devoted to athletic and field events for Advanced Seniors, Seniors and Juniors, with activities provided for each of these groups. The evening may be used in presenting a drama or a one-act play used in the wards during the year. In stakes where contest work has been featured, the morning of this day may also be used for the tryouts. Among the suggestions for a program is that a brief history of the association work for the past year may be given, also an original poem, essay or speech by members of the association. See the *Year-round Recreation Program and Contests, 1926-27*, pages 20-22, for detailed account of May Day exercises and M. I. A. Day.

Winners in the Waters-of-Mormon Contest

In February, the *Improvement Era* offered to the M Men of the Y. M. M. I. A., a two-years' subscription to the *Improvement Era* for the best 500-word story and application connected with the Waters of Mormon. The winner in this contest is Thomas Last, Lewiston, Utah, Benson stake.

The *Era* also offered for the second and third-best stories a one-year's subscription each. The second-best story has been awarded to Gerald Burr, R. D. No. 2, Box 97, Provo, Utah, Sharon ward, Utah stake.

The third-best has been awarded to Frederick H. Peck, Jr., 1854 West 2nd South, Salt Lake City, 32nd ward, Pioneer stake. We thank all who contributed, and commend them for their effort and interest.

The story winning first place follows:

The Waters of Mormon

BY THOMAS LAST

Abinadi, a descendant of Nephi and a prophet of the Lord, was teaching faith and repentance in the land Lehi-Nephi, and denouncing evil doers. The wicked King Noah became incensed at Abinadi's words and ordered him slain.

But one of King Noah's young priests, named Alma, who was likewise a descendant of Nephi, believed Abinadi's teachings, and pleaded with the king to spare his life. At this the king became very angry, and Alma fled from the land, whereupon the king sent his army to follow and slay him.

Alma fled to a wilderness a short distance from Lehi-Nephi which was called Mormon, having received its name from the king. This place was in the

borders of the land and was infested by wild beasts. Alma hid himself in a thicket, from the searchers of the king. His followers came to him and were taught by him through the Spirit of God.

"Now there was in Mormon a fountain of pure water," a sparkling pool in which no pestilence lay, and to this pool Alma and his followers resorted, and he baptized them. For the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, "and he did teach them and preach unto them repentance and redemption and faith on the Lord."

And he said to the people: "If ye are willing to carry one another's burdens, to mourn with those that mourn, to comfort those in need, and to stand witnesses of God at all times, in all things, and in all places; that ye may be redeemed of God, and numbered in the first resurrection, what have ye against being baptized of the Lord as a witness of the covenant ye have entered into?" At these words, they clapped their hands with joy.

Then he took Helam, one of the foremost brethren, and stood in the water, crying out to the Lord: "O Lord, pour out thy Spirit upon thy servant, that he may do this work with a holiness of heart." Then he said: "Helam, I baptize thee, having authority from Almighty God, as a testimony that ye have covenanted with God to serve him until your body is dead, and may he grant you eternal life through the redemption of Christ, whom he hath prepared from the beginning of the world," after which words they were both buried in the water, and came forth out of the water rejoicing and full of the Spirit.

After this manner everyone who believed was baptized, in all two hundred and four souls, but not again did Alma bury himself. "Yea, and they were baptized in the waters of Mormon, and were filled with the grace of God."

Alma, having authority from God, ordained priests, one to every fifty of their number, to preach to them concerning the kingdom of God, and they called this the Church of God, and thus was the Church of God established among the Nephites.

And soon Alma and his followers were driven from among the descendants of Nephi and dwelt among the Lamanites, in Zarahemla, and built up the Church of God, after the manner that he did by the waters of Mormon.

The Nephites repented, and the Lord was with them, and they captured the city of Zarahemla from the Lamanites. And Alma died, and his son Alma took up the work, calling the Nephites to repentance, and exhorting them to remember his father and the Church of God that was builded in the wilderness by the waters of Mormon.

Lewiston, Utah.

M. I. 'A. In Lethbridge Stake

Stake Superintendent Chas. F. Steele, of the Lethbridge stake Y. M. M. I. A., reports that the Mutuals in that stake are prospering: "We have already staged our finals in the debating league—the Barnwell and Lethbridge wards clashed on the question of arbitration as a means of preventing war. The Lethbridge speakers, Harold Shields and Theodora Ostlund, upholding the negative, were the winners. Lethbridge also won out in the one-act play, "The Unequal Yoke," with Barnwell, second; Claresholm, third; and Orton, fourth. The Taber players were unable to appear on account of illness. We are now pushing hard for M. I. A. Day and the Tri-Stake meet to find material to send to the Grand Finals in Salt Lake, in June. We hope to have Canada represented in a number of the competitions this year. The Lethbridge stake is also planning a Gillwell Camp for the training of Scout leaders in July. This will likely be followed by our Fathers and Sons' Outing, when we would like one of the field men of the General Board with us."

Special Meeting For M Men Leaders

A meeting devoted to the M Men's activities was held in the Bishop's Building on Monday morning, April 4, at 8 o'clock, to take advantage of the many leaders who were present from all parts of the Church. It was called to discuss the problems that confront the M Men of the Y. M. M. I. A. The meeting was addressed by Oscar A. Kirkham, Executive Director Y. M. M. I. A. He stated that the growth of the Senior department of the M. I. A. had exceeded any other one department of the organization, and had accomplished a great awakening among the young men.

Problems relating to basketball, age limits for eligibility, attendance at meetings of athletes and other contestants, and rulings regarding eligibility of school letter-men on M Men teams, were discussed, a lively interest being taken by the various leaders.

Superintendent Melvin J. Ballard advised that our activities be kept in proper relationship to the organization. The Y. M. M. I. A. is a great rescue force, a place of wholesome environment and preparation for service in the Church. Sometimes in it we have to tolerate that with which we really have no sympathy, in order to lead the members to better things. Our aim should be, not to lower our standards, but to seek to have the young men directed in a way that shall influence their lives to conform to them. All our activities are a means to a glorious end. Our program is calculated to appeal to the young people regardless of their original religious attitude, and is a means to bring about the conversion of the young people to the principles of the gospel. There should be a sympathetic cooperation between the officers and the young men themselves.

Introduction, M. I. A. Slogan, May, 1927

"We stand for a testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith."

Monthly Themes:

October—How to obtain a testimony.

November—The announcement of the restoration of the gospel.

December—The need of the restoration of the gospel.

January—The heavens are opened and the Lord speaks.

February—The Book of Mormon a testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith.

March—Authority.

April—Works.

May—Testimony.

Read clearly and deliberately each week paragraph 3, section 135, Doctrine and Covenants.

New Stake Superintendents

R. H. Clayton has been appointed superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Nebo stake, *vice* Golden Taylor, as we were informed March 22, 1927.

Current Events

A STUDY FOR THE M. I. A. ADVANCED SENIOR CLASSES, 1926-27

(Prepared by the Advanced Senior Committee)

LESSONS FOR MAY, 1927

I—POLITICS AND INDUSTRY

I. *Disarmament.* Again the United States is taking the initiative in the program for naval-disarmament. Five or six years ago President Harding

took the initiative in the same subject. Many naval groups in the United States, however, have not taken kindly to reduction in our naval program. They do not approve the 5-5-3 ratio for capital ships which was established between Great Britain, Japan and the United States. These three naval powers, at the Washington arms conference of 1921, agreed to limit the strength of their navies in capital ships and air craft carriers, but failed to set any bounds to the building of light cruisers and submarines.

Great Britain and Japan are building cruisers much faster than the United States, so if these three powers can agree to a 5-5-3 ratio for cruisers to correspond to that for capital ships, it means that the former two countries will either have to scrap many vessels or the United States will have to build more.

Questions

1. What is your opinion on this subject of disarmament?
2. Do you think the United States is right in encouraging a decrease in the appropriations for naval purposes?
3. What effect did the Harding Naval-Power Conference accomplish? Has it been lived up to?
4. Why were Italy and France unwilling to join? Why are they unwilling to join at the present time?
5. Would a decrease in naval armament tend to bring about world peace more quickly? Reference: *Literary Digest*, March 26, 1927, pp. 5, 6, 7.

II. *Fear of Nationalists in the German Government.* At the present time there are many political parties concerned in the administration of the German government. The new cabinet differs from preceding ones in that it is based largely on an alliance of the Center with the Nationalists. The latter party has always been strong for the return of the former government, while the people at large have favored the Republican regime. At the present time, therefore, there is considerable anxiety as to how far the Nationalists can and will push their power. Greater power for them will not conduce to a more rapid development of friendly relations with France, but to the contrary. However, some of the German papers think it is nonsense to believe that the Republic is menaced.

Questions

1. Name and explain the different political parties in Germany and state what they stand for.
2. How do the people at large regard these different political powers?
3. Is there a sentiment growing in favor of the Nationalist's party or do the people still want to develop a republic?
4. What would it mean to the world if Germany should go back to her old form of government?
5. What is the Locarno policy?
6. Let those who have recently traveled in Germany, and, therefore, know first hand the political conditions especially, discuss this subject. Reference: *Literary Digest*, March 26, 1927, pp. 16-18.

III. *Our Canal Problems:* It looks like, sooner or later, a canal will be constructed in Nicaragua by the United States. While the building of the Panama Canal formed a link between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, the Nicaragua canal would tend to enhance the relationship between the peoples of the two oceans. While the people of the United States are proud of the Panama Canal and its monumental fete of engineering, there are some who are not satisfied with it on account of the serious obstacles that come in its way in the nature of earthquakes and the like and, therefore, are very anxious to build a canal through Nicaragua.

Questions

1. Why is the United States at the present time strongly in favor of the construction of a canal in Nicaragua?
2. Why is not the Panama Canal sufficient?
3. What advantages would the former have over the latter?
4. Why did we not build the Nicaragua canal first?
5. What is the feeling on the part of other countries concerning our making this investment?
6. Has the Panama Canal been successful financially and otherwise?
7. Should the Nicaragua canal be built?
8. For what reasons is it likely to be more successful than the Panama Canal?

Reference: *Literary Digest*, March 26, 1927, p. 26.

IV. *The Farmer vs. Tariff.* In the agricultural West the farmers who lost their congressional fight for governmental relief would have "Protection for all, or protection for none," and, therefore, anti-tariff agitation is growing. It appears to the farmer that there is relief for the banks, the steel group, the railroads, trusts, and big business, but none for him. Some think that the veto of the Farm Relief Bill will result in more favorable legislation for the agricultural interests in the next Congressional Administration.

However, the farmer must soon have relief, and he is going to fight to get a reduction of the high protective duties unless they are for all. The statement that the tariff is a trap set for the farmer for the benefit of industry is not true, however. In many ways the farmer is as much the beneficiary of the protective tariff as the manufacturer, because by allowing foreign products to enter the country without restraint would also affect the farmers' home markets.

Questions

1. Why are the agricultural interests so insistent upon relief at the present time? What is the main trouble?
2. Will a reduction of the tariff relieve them or not; that is, will the destruction of one industry benefit another?
3. If all tariff is removed, it will undoubtedly hurt manufacturers. Will it help agriculture?
4. What method will help both parties, *i. e.*, what is the logical solution to the problem? References: *Literary Digest*, April 2, 1927, pp. 13-14; *Saturday Evening Post*, April 2, 1927, pp. 3-4-5.

II—SCIENCE AND INVENTION

"Keeping the Bugs at Bay"

To the *Deseret News*, April 1, 1927, we are indebted for some striking facts from the pen of an eminent educator and editor, Glen Frank, who tells us that our annual bug bill is two billion dollars. The laboratory man is doing more than the laboring man to keep the bugs from winning the battle for possession of the earth.

"In the fight to see which shall survive, man or the insects, the insects are better equipped. They have greater tenacity of life, can multiply more rapidly, can dodge danger by a protective shape and color, and are more facile in adapting themselves, than man."

What does the annual "bug bill" of the United States cost each one of its inhabitants? How may this enormous expense be reduced?

Tell the story of the "Cannibal Tree," recorded in the *Literary Digest*, March 19, page 23, and apply it to human conduct.

Discuss the following in the light of the information given on page 21, *Literary Digest*, March 19:

"Plants resemble human beings in that it is not good for them to stay up too late at night," "Every man, woman, and child in the world, actually lives on the life

of plants." "By keeping their secret safe from us, plants force us to cultivate them and keep them alive." "Rain is both food and drink for plants."

The Strength of Women—Which are stronger, college women or women who work in factories? Why? In which industry are the best type of industrial womanhood found? In a strength test of 3,000 employed working women, 400 unemployed working women and 500 college women, which group showed the highest average strength? Of what special value is this article to society? See *Literary Digest*, March 19, 1927, p. 25.

Do We Really Live Longer?—Edwin D. Dexter produces some figures that indicate that the average age of the "old codger" hasn't varied much through the centuries, and that it was even slightly longer among the ancient Greeks than it is now.

He asks by what method did those old Greeks manage to whip us so soundly in the struggle for long life? His article is a challenge for some of our sanguine statisticians. See *Literary Digest*, March 26, page 21.

How the Camera is helping to give the common people marbled walls and, wood-grained metal furniture. A bridge five miles long, is described on page 27, *Literary Digest*. Where is the bridge to be built? Same reference, page 24.

Heart Thunderings—Ten million times louder than its natural sound, the heart throbs are heard through an amplifier, the perfection of which took seven years' work in the Bell Company laboratories. See *Literary Digest*, April 2, page 28.

"Traffic Rules for Air Craft."—Best kind of material for a three-minute reading to the class. Same reference, same page, as in preceding paragraph.

"Fighting Germs With Sugar"—Is it an "adv." or genuine scientific information? At all events it is intensely interesting to read that "Sugar taken in through the mouth passes by way of the blood to the fluid joints, and there is evidence indicating that it adds to their resistance to infection." Is sugar the world's most useful food? *Literary Digest*, April 2, page 29.

The Powerful Sun Spot—Do the sun spots affect humanity? Are we slaves to the sun spots? What may be expected during the years 1927-1928-1929, from a sun spot point of view? See *Literary Digest*, April 2, 1927, page 80.

110-Story Sky Scraper—224 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower, will cost over 22 million dollars and accommodate 30 thousands occupants. Read about it in *Science and Invention*, April, 1927, page 1099.

Driving An Automobile While Asleep—See *Science and Invention*, April, page 1132. What's the value of the incident?

Scientific Humor—Relate the best joke recorded on page 1140 of *Science and Invention*, for April.

III—RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL MOVEMENTS

I. *Too Many Churches*. The Christian world is shaken from center to circumference. Its division into so many factors is deplored. Some are suggesting one remedy, some another.

Frederick L. Collins proposes that 100,000 churches, half the number in the United States, be abandoned and destroyed, claiming that "time and circumstance have already begun their demolition." He points out that two hundred denominations, and representing an investment of \$3,000,000,000, costing \$300,000,000 a year to maintain, are open only three times a week for religious services. He would suggest then:

"Immediate reduction, by at least one-half of the number of existing places of worship without reducing existing opportunities for worship.

"Use of the savings thus realized for vigorous expansion of religious work in the communities affected.

"Not churches of men. Churches of God!" See *Literary Digest*, March 26, 1927.

Questions

1. Point out causes for the conditions called attention to by Mr. Collins.
2. Will fewer churches remedy the trouble?

II. *Revision of Prayer Book.* The Church of England is stirred to its depths over the revision of the Prayer Book. P. W. Wilson in the *New York Times* of March 20, 1927, asks pointedly, "Is this English Church to develop her Church along Catholic or Protestant lines?" "Whither is the Church going?" ask the anxious ones.

"It is not easy for Americans to appreciate how deep are the feelings aroused by such a situation. In the United States the Episcopalians, though influential, are not to be compared in numbers with other major communions; for instance, the Baptists and the Methodists. But in England the Episcopal or Established Church is one-half of the total religious force of the nation. There are many villages where it is the only Church. * * * It is the Established Church that crowns the King and Queen and ministers to the royal family. None save Anglican prayers are recited in Parliament. And the army, the navy, the prisons, the workhouses, the ocean liners, the influential and exclusive schools and universities, all conform, more or less, to the Anglican liturgy."

"The revised Prayer Book, interpreted by a sympathetic diocesan, will permit a parish priest to robe himself in eucharistic vestments, to light candles, to burn incense, to pray for the dead, to use genuflections, to decorate his sanctuary and to reserve the sacrament in a manner not outwardly to be differentiated, so it is argued, from the Roman use. Nor will any serious difficulty arise over the confessional."

The battle is most intense over the reservation of the sacrament. To the Protestant the bread and wine when blessed remain bread and wine; to the Catholic they become the real flesh and blood of Christ and are to be adored.

1. Do you see in this revision a turning back to Catholicism? Justify your answer.

III.—*For a Protestant Confessional.* Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's suggestion that Protestantism use the confessional is meeting with strong favor and firm opposition. See *Literary Digest*, March 5, 1927.

1. Point out the value of the Confessional.
2. Point out its possible evils.

IV.—*The Decalogue Revised.* Eight hundred thirty-five girls of Simmons College have re-arranged the Decalogue thus:

1. Honor thy father and thy mother.
2. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
3. Thou shalt not kill.
4. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
5. Thou shalt not steal.
6. Thou shalt not bear false witness.
7. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord in vain.
8. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.
9. Thou shalt not covet.
10. Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.

See *Literary Digest*, March 5, 1927.

Question

1. What do you think of this revision?

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, March, 1927

STAKE	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Alpine	1000	18	11	91	126	232	315	-----	764	63	49	77	168	-----	357
Bear River	480	12	10	86	141	48	60	-----	335	57	91	48	60	-----	256
Beaver	314	6	5	39	97	63	16	134	349	30	92	38	8	96	264
Benson	706	14	14	131	179	179	37	236	762	98	85	110	20	170	483
Box Elder	771	14	14	144	257	255	22	273	951	108	115	141	22	178	564
Deseret	493	12	11	110	200	127	33	186	656	82	115	85	18	117	417
Duchesne	297	10	5	10	14	30	26	30	110	10	28	18	-----	14	70
Emery	525	9	5	40	44	116	-----	133	333	27	29	74	-----	96	226
Ensign	926	8	8	87	131	254	103	265	840	73	91	147	55	192	558
Granite	1000	9	9	99	76	270	137	323	905	78	73	134	48	245	578
Grant	1400	14	14	131	123	325	76	373	1028	112	97	181	32	222	644
Hyrum	500	10	6	53	111	127	9	82	382	39	59	73	5	59	235
Juab	294	5	4	31	72	87	-----	110	300	29	28	37	-----	82	176
Kanab	212	6	6	53	66	39	29	67	254	43	41	27	23	49	183
Liberty	1408	12	12	175	251	336	236	375	1373	118	142	148	140	295	843
Logan	597	11	9	101	100	163	12	272	648	72	45	62	6	170	355
Millard	344	8	7	50	91	117	-----	108	366	35	46	47	-----	53	181
Morgan	205	10	4	24	27	41	9	14	115	20	16	19	7	5	67
Nebo	450	9	8	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	450	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	270
North Davis	446	7	5	44	60	99	14	111	328	30	23	25	7	57	142
North Sanpete	710	10	9	76	95	209	30	241	651	56	36	87	22	164	365
North Sevier	275	6	5	40	59	92	19	52	262	32	33	40	15	41	161
North Weber	633	13	13	97	48	179	9	250	583	81	26	89	6	150	352
Ogden	848	10	10	93	152	245	66	291	847	67	85	104	38	191	485
Oquirrh	469	5	5	64	80	116	9	171	440	46	25	43	2	102	218
Palmyra	487	8	8	67	131	142	44	221	605	51	68	75	23	141	358
Panguitch	260	6	3	28	40	62	18	52	200	26	18	33	-----	41	118
Parowan	548	11	8	52	137	115	12	90	406	40	67	42	6	36	191
Pioneer	769	10	10	98	142	217	37	241	735	72	59	104	23	142	400
Roosevelt	321	10	9	60	91	61	57	79	348	35	58	45	25	65	228
St. George	680	14	13	134	211	175	60	226	806	90	123	99	24	137	473
Salt Lake	1072	13	13	137	140	271	144	298	990	101	82	133	65	220	601
San Juan	192	4	4	30	52	67	38	46	233	23	31	24	13	29	120
Sevier	353	6	4	39	51	65	48	76	279	25	13	30	15	64	147
South Sevier	304	7	3	24	30	10	9	57	130	16	18	8	6	19	67
Summit	276	12	6	42	32	69	20	69	232	26	15	44	14	37	136
Tintic	271	5	3	25	33	13	11	55	137	14	15	4	1	21	55
Tooele	390	9	7	53	63	76	29	78	299	34	19	22	13	26	114
Uintah	410	10	10	78	121	130	-----	139	468	57	80	78	-----	85	300
Utah	1100	16	12	102	121	78	46	325	672	75	85	70	23	230	483
Wayne	154	6	3	20	21	37	7	34	119	16	13	26	7	22	84
Weber	711	9	9	79	85	147	67	194	572	58	41	55	19	110	283
Bannock	242	6	5	30	68	22	9	58	187	24	16	12	7	18	77
Bear Lake	361	11	11	94	76	103	-----	140	413	64	58	83	-----	78	283
Blaine	223	6	6	36	82	48	12	38	216	15	16	15	5	9	60
Boise	365	9	9	77	81	78	-----	79	315	54	45	42	-----	59	200
Cassia	170	6	6	40	52	33	2	46	173	29	36	14	1	18	98
Curlew	124	10	5	31	39	14	-----	33	117	22	22	7	-----	20	71
Franklin	420	11	11	94	97	156	-----	186	533	61	53	78	-----	118	310
Fremont	662	14	14	125	122	182	35	232	696	99	177	108	23	152	559
Idaho Falls	577	12	8	78	144	82	22	93	419	52	69	45	9	47	222
Lost River	136	3	2	13	24	8	-----	25	70	9	11	5	-----	13	38
Malad	316	7	7	63	80	74	11	102	330	47	51	45	3	56	202
Montpelier	367	14	14	85	100	130	24	111	450	53	58	56	5	74	246
Pocatello	561	10	10	99	127	138	26	177	567	79	69	95	24	107	374

STAKE	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Raft River	170	8	4	23	41	27	6	40	137	24	19	19	2	25	89
Rigby	521	13	12	159	129	82	53	101	524	76	114	58	38	79	365
Shelley	320	9	8	73	82	55	11	66	287	64	42	34		63	203
Yellowstone	370	10	10	64	100	65		59	288	49	88	74		55	266
Alberta	431	11	11	102	131	169	41	146	589	75	72	97	22	96	362
Big Horn	322	7	5	53	77	50	41	73	294	24	20	54	14	45	157
Lethbridge	233	9	9	89	92	76	33	82	372	63	68	57	26	64	278
Los Angeles	527	16	10	83	128	229	30	69	539	61	72	117	9	64	323
Lyman	220	7	7	50	95	69		82	296	34	78	54		49	215
Maricopa	420	8	8	76	91	134	12	161	474	56	74	84	7	106	327
Moapa	236	9	6	47	61	75	10	68	261	32	24	41	6	36	139
Nevada	175	5	4	33	47	39	14	58	191	24	23	27	9	36	119
San Luis	201	4	2	6	12	10		14	42	4	2	4		12	22
Snowflake	280	10	5	58	120	60	28	84	350	26	31	11		34	102
Star Valley	359	11	11	117	70	112	11	87	397	71	42	55	4	47	219
Taylor	339	6	6	74	104	156	90	57	481	61	95	110	49	30	345
Woodruff	330	6	6	41	64	63	9	84	261	30	36	27	5	39	137
Young	102	6	6	31	29	51	14	43	168	24	22	38	13	40	137
N. W. States	500			37	93	54	12	23	219	28	50	25	10	16	129
Calif. Mission	990	33	31	192	316	197	31	169	905	169	220	151	9	122	671

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, March, 1927

STAKE	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	M Men	Reading Book of Mormon	"Era"	Fund	Monthly State and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Alpine	8	5	6	6	6	4	10	5	6	6	62
Bear River	7	10	6	8	9	8	7	9	9	9	82
Beaver	10	10	9	8	6	7	6	9	9	8	82
Benson	10	7	10	10	7	7	8	8	10	10	87
Box Elder	10	6	10	8	8	10	9	10	10	10	91
Deseret	10	6	8	10	8	8	10	10	8	9	87
Duchesne	4	6	10	10	5	10	5	10	5	10	75
Emery	6	10	8	8	8	4	8	4	8	8	72
Ensign	9	7	10	10	10	9	10	8	10	10	93
Granite	9	6	10	10	10	6	7	5	10	10	83
Grant	8	6	10	10	10	6	7	5	10	10	82
Hyrum	8	6	6	4	6	4	6	4	6	5	55
Juab	10	6	8	8	8	7	7	7	8	6	75
Kanab	10	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	95
Liberty	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	96
Logan	10	5	9	10	10	6	9	8	9	8	84
Millard	10	5	10	7	9	4	7	9	9	8	78
Morgan	6	6	10		5	10	10	10	10	10	77
Nebo	10	6	10	8	9	1	8	7	9	9	77
North Davis	7	4	10	10	7	6	8	8	10	9	79
North Sanpete	9	6	10	10	10	7	10	8	6	8	84
North Sevier	10	6	10	7	9	3	4	6	9	5	69
North Weber	9	6	8	10	7	5	10	10	10	10	85
Ogden	10	6	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	10	94

STAKE	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	M Men	Reading Book of Mormon	"Era"	Fund	Monthly State and Ward Officers' Mgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Oquirrh	9	5	10	10	10	8	9	10	10	10	91
Palmyra	10	6	10	9	8	8	10	9	10	10	90
Panguitch	8	6	10	2	4	4	5	2	2	5	48
Parowan	7	5	6	5	6	5	6	4	5	6	55
Pioneer	10	5	8	6	10	5	10	8	10	9	81
Roosevelt	10	7	6	1	3	6	8	6	8	7	62
St. George	10	6	10	10	6	8	9	7		10	76
Salt Lake	9	6	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	93
San Juan	10	5	10	5	5	9	10	10	10	7	81
Sevier	8	5	10	5	5	4	8	10	10	10	75
South Sevier	4	5	4	4	3	3	6	7	3	3	42
Summit	8	6	10	10	6	10	10	8	5	10	83
Tintic	5	4	10	8	7	8	10	9	10	6	77
Tooele	8	4	5	2	3	3	4	6	5	4	44
Uintah	10	6	10	5	8	8	9	9	10	8	83
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Big Horn	9	5	10	10	8	7	6	8	6	6	75
Lethbridge	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Lyman	10	10	10	8	7	7	8	9	7	6	82
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Maricopa	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Moapa	10	5	7	6	9	6	10	10	10	6	79
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Please see that your report for April reaches the office by May 10; Seventy-three stakes reported for March. Let us have ninety-six for April.

Passing Events

A new chapel in the East ward Moroni, Sanpete Co., was dedicated, April 10, 1927, by President Heber J. Grant. The new building has been erected at the cost of \$21,000.

Avard Fairbanks has received a scholarship of the Guggenheim Foundation, to enable him to go abroad and study sculpturing. He is at present connected with the University of Oregon, as a teacher of art. Mr. Fairbanks is a native of Utah.

Perry S. Heath, widely known newspaper publisher and editor, died at his home in Washington, March 30, 1927, 69 years old. He was well known in Salt Lake City, where, in 1903, he started the *Salt Lake Evening Telegram*, which he disposed of a couple of years later.

Reading of the Bible in public schools in Colorado is not in conflict with the state constitution, according to an opinion rendered by the supreme court, March 28, 1927; but the reading must be without comment by the teacher, and children whose parents or guardians object to Bible reading may absent themselves during the reading.

The Utah Agricultural Experiment Station has just issued Circular 63—*Tomato Culture in Utah*; Circular 64—*Onion-growing in Utah*. The circulars are interesting and instructive publications covering these subjects, and may be obtained without charge upon request to the Publications Division, Utah Experiment Station, Logan, Utah.

Soft coal miners to the number of 200,000 became idle, March 31, when the Jacksonville agreement concerning wages expired. The strike affects miners in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, western Pennsylvania, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and some other districts. The strike, it was said, will continue until another agreement can be accepted.

Television is said to be an accomplished fact. According to a New York dispatch dated April 7, Secretary Hoover on that day spoke over the telephone in Washington, and was seen as well as heard in the Bell telephone laboratories in New York. The combined telephone and television instruments were set in cabinets shrouded from the outer light by heavy maroon curtains, cabinets reminiscent of those in which the stage magician places the woman who is mysteriously to disappear.

President and Mrs. Charles W. Nibley celebrated the 58th anniversary of their marriage and the 76th birthday anniversary of Mrs. Nibley, by a family dinner at Hotel Utah, on March 30, 1927. The marriage was solemnized in the old Endowment House 58 years ago. After the dinner the esteemed couple attended a performance in the Salt Lake Theatre, as they did on their wedding day. Mrs. Nibley was born in Salt Lake City, in the old Neibaur home, Second South and Second East, March 30, 1851.

Judge George W. Bartch passed into the Great Beyond on March 15, 1927, on the 78th anniversary of his birth. For a number of years he has been a prominent figure in Utah, having been chief justice of the supreme court during a stormy period of the history of the state. He resigned from the bench in 1906, and has since then devoted some time to the claims of American citizens against Mexico, growing out of their loss of property during the numerous civil conflicts of that country. He was a native of Pennsylvania.

Henry Ford was the victim of an automobile accident, on March 27, and was taken to the Ford hospital for treatment. According to a statement

by Mr. Fred L. Black, business manager of the *Independent*, Mr. Ford was forced off the south drive of Michigan Avenue and plunged down a steep embankment into a tree. The car that caused the accident came upon him from behind. After a period of daze or unconsciousness, Mr. Ford walked with difficulty to his estate, where the gate keeper summoned Mrs. Ford. There is a suspicion that a deliberate attempt was made upon his life.

A new ward was organized in Ogden, March 20, at a meeting held in the Thirteenth ward chapel. Stake President Thomas E. McKay was present. The new ward, the 20th, embraces the territory north of Twenty-second street to Ogden river and east of Monroe avenue to the mountains. Of this section, that territory lying between Monroe and Quincy avenues, north of Twenty-second street, is taken from the Fourth ward and the remainder from the Thirteenth ward. Arias G. Belnap was chosen bishop of the Twentieth ward. Edward T. Saunders was made bishop of the Fourth ward.

The four-continental flight of Francesco de Pinedo, the Italian, came to an end, April 6, at Roosevelt dam, Arizona, when his plane, *Santa Maria*, was totally destroyed by fire. The aviator had been refueling and was making ready to take off, when somebody was lighting a cigarette and threw the match into the dam. The water, however, was oil-coated and the flames almost instantly enveloped the plane. The commander was not aboard at the time, but the crew had to jump for their lives. D. Pinedo will endeavor to raise the engines from the bottom of the lake and, if possible, rebuild the plane.

President Rudger Clawson of the Council of the Twelve, attained the 70th anniversary of his birthday on March 12, 1927. To commemorate the event, members of his prayer circle, with their ladies, met in the auditorium of the Bishops' building, March 15, and enjoyed a fine program. A. Wm. Lund, who served as toastmaster, presented President Clawson, on behalf of the members of the circle, with a gold signet ring, and President Clawson, in a neat little speech, expressed his appreciation of the love and respect shown him, and related some wonderful experiences he had had during a long and useful life.

The University of Utah Summer School has been arranged with the chief interests of the state in mind. Last Summer it had the largest registration of any school in the state. The University is devoted to improvement of Utah's schools, through higher scholarship and better professional standards in teaching and supervision, which is the main purpose of the summer session. The recent United States Survey of the Utah school system will be specially emphasized and points brought out by leading educators of the country identified with the faculty during the summer session. The first term will begin June 13; and the second, July 26, lasting till August 31.

J. H. Eversoll passed away February 22, 1927, at San Diego, California. He was in his 78th year. He came to Utah in 1892 and located at Richfield. He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1897, and for several years was a member of the Richfield choir. Removing to Salt Lake City, he became a member of the Tabernacle choir, in which he sang for six years. He removed to Provo and was a member of the tabernacle choir there for twelve years, prior to his moving to California. After going to California he did not take an active part on account of cataracts on his eyes, but he loved to sing in his home. He leaves his widow and five children, all grown.

Mrs. Sarah Ann Taylor, 92 years old, passed away at her home in Harrisville, near Ogden, Utah, March 18, 1927. She was the widow of Pleasant Green Taylor. On November 13, 1926, she observed the 92nd anniversary of her birthday amid the felicitations of 310 descendants. Mrs.

Taylor was born in Mississippi, Nov. 13, 1834. She started for Utah in 1849. Enroute to Utah Mrs. Taylor met and married Bailey Lake shortly after her sixteenth birthday. The trip to this state was made by ox-team. Mr. Lake was called to help establish the L. D. S. mission at Fort Lemhi, Idaho. He was ambushed near Malad and killed by Indians. A few years later she married Pleasant Green Taylor.

The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution was debated in Symphony Hall, Boston, April 8, 1927, by Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, and William E. Borah, U. S. Senator from Idaho. The question was, "Should the Republican national platform of 1928 advocate repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment?" President Butler defended the affirmative side and Senator Borah, the negative. About 3,000 persons were present. Dr. Butler contended that the amendment in question is in no way germane to the Constitution. It represents, he asserted, the worst possible way of attempting to deal with the evils of the liquor traffic. Senator Borah held that you cannot ask the Republican party to advocate the repeal of the amendment, unless you present something in the nature of a program to take the place of it.

The National Summer School of the Utah Agricultural College, Logan, will have two special features, according to recent announcement of Dr. James H. Linford, director of the summer session. The department of competitive athletics will have famous coaches as directors. The department of music will conduct an institute of school music. Guest teachers include Mrs. Emma Lucy Gates Bowen, Clarence J. Hawkins, William Spicker, Miss Eleanor Kelley, Mrs. Walter Welti and Miss Gwendolyn Smith, who will assist the regular music faculty. Though these two features are receiving particular attention, other departments of collegiate work will not be neglected. Special lecturers will be Prof. Clayton Hamilton, Prof. Edward Howard Driggs, Prof. Samuel McCord Crothers, and Prof. Charlotte Perkins Gilman. The summer session opens June 13.

The city of Shanghai fell into the hands of the Southern, or Cantonese, army on March 21, 1927, and looting and rioting began in the native area of the city. The foreign settlement with its 37,000 inhabitants, is guarded by 15,000 troops and numerous battleships in the Whangpoo river. Among the foreign forces landed are 1,500 American marines. One of the most serious of the day's incidents occurred when a band of Chinese soldiers, presumably attached to the retreating Northern army, broke through the barrier to the north of the international settlement and began looting. Two British armored cars sped to the scene in response to calls from the police.

Lieutenant Newman, Corporal Ainslie and two soldiers were wounded by machine-gun fire which was directed at the first car. The second car towed the leading one away under heavy fire, at the same time returning the fusilade.

Their seventieth wedding anniversary was celebrated recently at Magna, by Patriarch and Mrs. H. T. Spencer, pioneers of that prosperous Utah community. At the party held in their honor, over 45 guests were present. Mr. Spencer is a pioneer of 1847, and was one of Lot Smith's men, who, ten years later, went on an expedition of reconnaissance, on the approach of Johnston's "army." Mr. Spencer was born in West Stockbridge, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, November 13, 1835. His mother died when he was three years old. His father then moved to Nauvoo, where he worked on the Nauvoo temple. Mr. Spencer says he was well acquainted with Joseph Smith the prophet, because he visited his home quite often. Mrs. Spencer is the daughter of James Young and Janet Carruth Young. She was born in Glasgow, Scotland, May 19, 1841, and emigrated to Utah in 1848, with her parents. She married Mr. Spencer March 31, 1857, being sixteen years old at the time.

Romanism is assailed in an open letter to Governor Smith of New York.

by Charles C. Marshall, an Episcopalian, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April. Mr. Marshall shows from Roman Catholic authorities that the pope claims supremacy in all the world, by virtue of his position as the "vicar of Christ," and he asks how this claim can be reconciled with patriotic loyalty, as there cannot be two sovereignties in one state. Gov. Smith replied that he did not recognize any "power" in the institution of his church to interfere with the operation of the constitution of the United States, or in the enforcement of the law of the land. But that is not the issue. The Roman church has, of course, no "power" to interfere with the operation of the laws in the United States, but does she teach that the pope has the God-given *right* to interfere? If so, what would happen if the power to do so should be delegated, by the voters, to his representatives? Gov. Smith does not discuss that issue. The governor's reply was written, he says, with the assistance of a Roman priest, Father Francis P. Duffy.

American and British residents of Nanking, China, were killed, March 24, 1927, by Cantonese troops, when the Northern forces had left the city. The American destroyers, "Nova" and "Preston," and the British cruiser, "Emerald," immediately bombarded the Cantonese positions. At the same time the naval commanders sent an ultimatum to the Chinese commander, demanding immediate protection for all foreigners and foreign property and that negotiations be entered into regarding reparations for outrages committed. Additional naval forces are being rushed to China by the American and British governments, and the naval commanders are given absolute authority to take whatever steps they deem necessary for the protection of life and property. The Chinese casualties during the bombardment are estimated at 6 killed and 15 wounded. Fifty houses, it is said, were destroyed. The American consulate flag at Nanking was hauled down and torn to shreds by a mob, and the archives of the consulate were destroyed. On April 11, the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan protested in identical but separate notes to the Cantonese government. M. Alexis Rykoff, on April 10, president of the Russian "council of commissars," warned the powers not to suppose that Russia's peace policy is a sign of weakness.

Alfred William McCune passed away at Cannes, France, March 28, 1927, according to a dispatch received by President Heber J. Grant, from Mr. McCune's son, Raymond. Mr. McCune was one of the biggest mining operators of the country. He was born at Fort William, Dum Dum, Calcutta, East India, July 11, 1849, the son of Major Matthew and Sarah E. S. Scott McCune. His father was an officer in the British army, who joined the Church in early days and, with his family, emigrated to Utah in 1856. The son, Alfred, turned his attention to the lumber business, mining, and railroad construction, and accumulated a large fortune. One of his friends and close business associates once said of him, that nothing was too big for him to undertake. This was shown in his latest gigantic venture, the development of the Cerro de Pasco mines in Peru, at the cost of \$20,000,000. Hearing of this property and assuring himself of its great value, he interested J. B. Haggin, J. Pierpont Morgan, H. C. Frick, W. H. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, widow of Senator George Hearst, in it. Returns, when they came, were enormous. Like other successful men of the West, Mr. McCune married at the opening of his career. His wife was Miss Elizabeth Ann Claridge of Nephi. He had known and admired her from his boyhood years. They were married in 1872, when he was about 23 years of age. Nine children blessed this union. Five still are living. Mrs. McCune died in 1924. Mrs. McCune's interests were wide and her gifts to education, church and charity were numerous. About 1919, Mr. and Mrs. McCune gave their home at Main and First North Streets to the Church, and it is now occupied by the McCune L. D. S. School of Music and Art. Funeral services were held in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, April 15.

Dawn

Give me dewy freshness of the morn,
 The blitheness of the mountain breeze,
 The sun's first beams and rosy hue
 Which bathes the meadows, brooks and trees.
 No beauty elsewhere is found so great
 Or, 'compassed promise, means so much
 Good to all whose hopeful eyes behold
 The Master hand behind its touch.
 E'en to those in deepest sorrow bowed
 Hope is awake in heavy hearts,
 When dawn appears in silvery clouds
 To worlds a crimson glow imparts.

How can one lend himself to dark despair
 With golden sunshine gleaming everywhere?
 HATTIE CRITCHLOW JENSEN.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, MAY, 1927

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Serving Utah

The 1927 *University of Utah Summer School* program has been arranged with the chief interests of the State in mind. It is the duty and pleasure of the University to serve the State to the best of its ability. That it has successfully done this again was demonstrated last year when, as usual, the University had the largest summer registration of any school in the State.

"Devoted to improvement of Utah's schools through higher scholarship and better professional standards in teaching and supervision,"

is the main purpose of this summer's session. Special emphasis will be made of points brought out in the United States Survey of the Utah school system. As usual some of the leading educators of the country will be identified with the faculty during the summer session.

First Term: June 13 to July 22

Second Term: July 26 to August 31

WRITE FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS

University of Utah

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HUMOROUS HINTS

It isn't hard for a student to meet his expenses—he meets one on every turn.

* * *

Shoes Are Coming Back.—Yes, the little dears must wear something.—*Perrins.*

* * * *

If women think of nothing but their clothes, I would say they are practically thoughtless.

* * *

Clara: "I should think you'd have an automobile. Your husband's poetry is appearing in all of the high-priced magazines."

Mary. "Well, my dear, you see, he writes only free verse."

* * *

Wife (excitedly): "Come quick, Professor; Bridget has fallen and broken her shoulder."

Absent Minded Professor: "Discharge her at once. You told her what to expect the next time she broke anything."—*D. C. R.*

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"Mary isn't so extravagant."

"Why so?"

"Her waist never amounts to much."—*Perrins.*

* * *

Teacher: "Jennie, there is electricity in the apartment house where you live. Can you tell me how it gets there, or where it comes from?"

Jennie (about six): "The janitor unbuttons it from the wall."

* * *

A darky preacher told his congregation that the following Sunday he would preach on any subject anyone suggested. One member asked him to preach on "Pills." The following Sunday he got up and said: "Bredern and sistern. You all done heard me say da Sunday before dis Sunday what am, dat ah'd preach on anything you all want me to. Dis wordy brodder wants I should talk about pills. Der am two kind of pills. Pale pills for pink people, and dere am de gos-pil, and dat am the pill I shall speak about today."—*F. C. S.*



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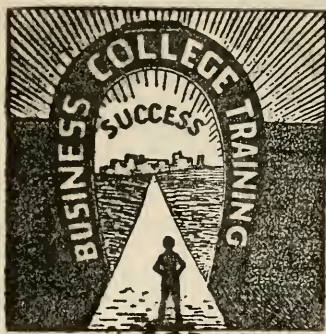
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Some people have looks that would frost a cake.

* * *

Bill: "Jim wastes a lot of time beefing."

Phil: "Yes, if he were a steer he'd been soup meat long ago."—D. C. R.

* * *

With feminism rampant and modern spelling well under way, one prominent school man pertinently suggests that "pedagogy" would be more appropriately spelled "petticoatchy."—L. T. C.

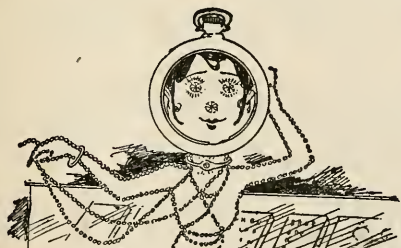
* * *

After the wreck on the logging railroad the superintendent asked the badly injured negro fireman, "Are you married?"

He replied sadly, "No sah, Boss, dis is the worstest fix ah was ever in."—L. F.

* * *

A certain dorky had often made the statement that if he ever forgot anything, Satan could have his soul. One day Satan met him in the field and said, "Sambo, you like eggs?" "Yassar!" answered Sambo. Five years later Satan appeared again and said, "Sambo, how—" Quick as a flash, Sambo's answer was, "Fried."—F. C. S.



MISS EVA LASTING SAYS:

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those fellows knew enough to buy the
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Query in a newspaper health column is, "Can a girl do anything about an unattractive knee?" Not a thing but grin and bare it.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

* * *

She: "Time separates the best of friends."

He: "Yes, fifteen years ago we were both 18; now you are 24 and I am 33."—*L. F.*

* * *

Kitty, five years old, brought up in the city, was spending a few days with her grandmother on the farm.

Kitty: "What are those funny little green things, grandma?"

Grandma: "Those are peas."

Kitty: "Peas, nothing! I'm s'prised at your ignor'nce, grandma."

Grandma: "Why child, what do you mean?"

Kitty: "I think a woman old as you are should know that peas come in tin cans."—*D. C. R.*

FOUND RELIEF IN A FEW WEEKS

This Utah dealer, having enjoyed the benefits of eating Fleischmann's Yeast, now recommends it to his customers. He says—

"For nearly three years I was troubled terribly with indigestion, having tried most everything recommended for indigestion and found very little relief in any of the medicines.

"A friend, having been troubled with the same thing, told me what wonderful results he had obtained through eating two cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day.

"I decided to give yeast a trial and much to my surprise found relief in a few weeks.

"I have been eating Fleischmann's Yeast for eleven months and feel all new again, full of pep, good appetite, and all signs of indigestion gone.

"I am making Fleischmann's Yeast a part of my daily diet and can thoroughly recommend it to anyone as perfect food."—*Mr. J. B. Barton, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Fleischmann's Yeast is a natural corrective for constipation; it relieves indigestion; clears the skin. Eat it regularly before meals for your own health—2 to 3 cakes a day. Eat it plain, breaking it into small pieces, in cold or hot (not scalding) water, or in milk, or any other way you prefer.

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Strong
Seams

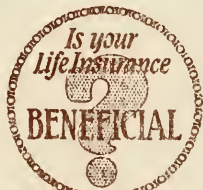
OVERALLS

Mountaineer
OVERALLS

Are made from first quality Denim,—
guaranteed for quality, fit and service

SOMETHING
DIFFERENT

The Spring-O-All Sus-
pender no rubber to rot,
nothing to wear out.



**SO MANY REASONS WHY
IT SHOULD BE**

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